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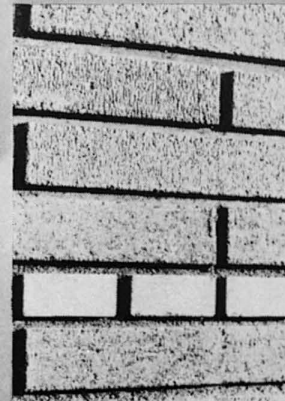
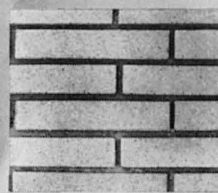
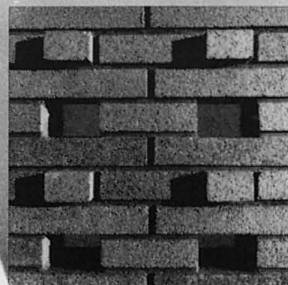
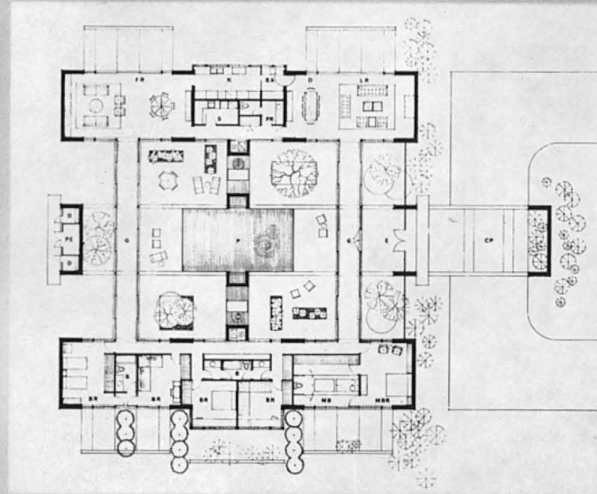
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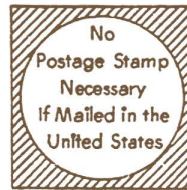


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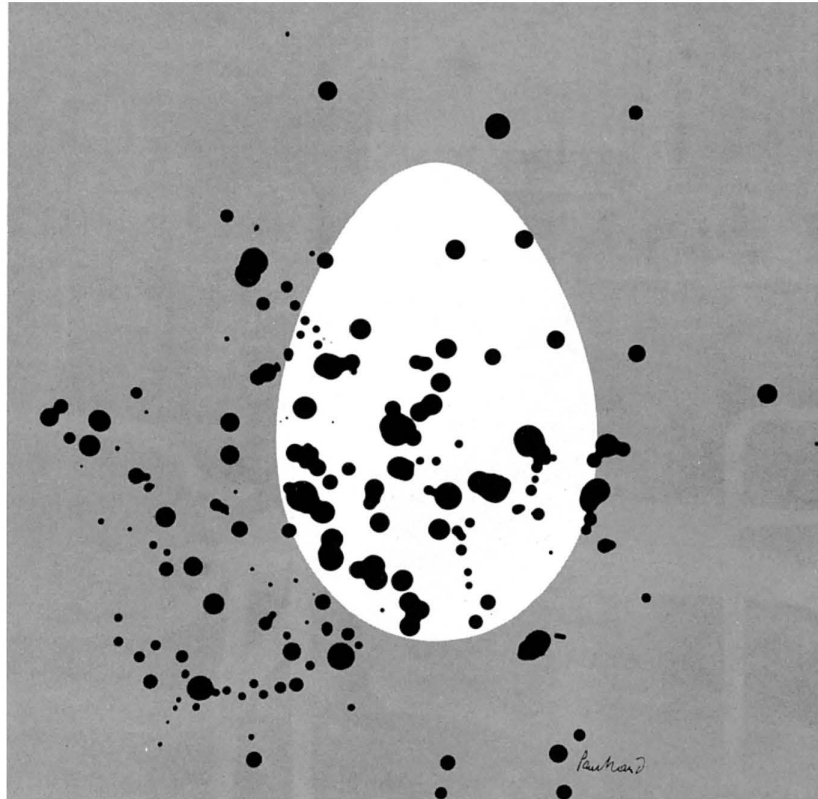
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art

DORE ASHTON

The discreet limits were somewhat exceeded in the press reaction to the large exhibition of late Turner paintings and watercolors at the Museum of Modern Art. While Americans have always been prone to instant enthusiasm, and while they often indulge in the game of inventing fathers, in this instance their volubility had a slightly hysterical edge.

There can be no question about Turner's authentic place in the modern lineage. That is one way of accounting for him. But it is only one way, and since Turner was a large figure in the history of painting, it is rather embarrassing to see the willingness on the part of the experts to consider his work from only one point of view.

As any cultural historian knows, precedents and precursors can always be found. If you go back fifty years, there is a precedent, and if you go back 150 years, there is still another. It becomes something of a game, and a fruitful game if handled discreetly.

But the game is only useful when played with several counters. Isolating Turner's late work and then seeing it only in relation to contemporary art is a single-counter approach that can only lead to the short-lived idolatry that occurred, for instance, when Monet was exhumed as a father. The Monet revival not only lasted for a very short time, but it brought with it a backlash of reaction, an unwarranted indifference. If a figure of the past is used only to justify the present, the present soon grows tired of the argument.

As an example of the kind of exaggerated need to interpret painting exclusively in terms of the present I would cite Hilton Kramer's article in the magazine section of the *N. Y. Times*. In an otherwise excellent discussion of Turner's late works, Kramer inserts an oddly impulsive (for him) insight into the present-day uses of Turner.

Speaking of Turner's special use of color and light he writes: "It is precisely this priority of color upon which an increasing number of contemporary American painters (including two of the four who will represent the United States at the Venice Biennale next summer: Helen Frankenthaler and Jules Olitski) have lately been concerned to build their entire pictorial vision. It is color liberated from the form-making authority of drawing—color conceived and executed as the sheer embodiment of light.

"Even the technical innovations adopted by these American painters—the habit of thinning color into a watery wash and then dyeing or spraying it onto the canvas, rather than laying it on, stroke by stroke, with a brush, relate to Turner's highly original use of water-

color technique and the watercolor effects he often sought to achieve in his oils."

Here, Kramer is carried away by his impulse, for obviously neither Helen Frankenthaler nor Jules Olitski can justifiably be placed in the line descending from Turner, except by artificial doctoring. Turner's own formation was in terms of his increasing obsession with atmosphere, not his interest in liberating color from the form-making authority of drawing. His admiration for Claude, Rembrandt, Ruysdael was based on his identification with their atmospheric approach.

The whole history of aerial perspective conditions Turner's responses to nature, and brought him to the point of invention that we now admire in the late paintings. Each of those vague effusions of light that he painted has its *raison d'être* rooted in a vision of central, vortical volumes. His symmetry becomes reflexive, and his insistence on a vortex an obsession having nothing to do with the suppression of form. On the contrary, Turner's paintings are modeled with insistently formal patterns. The light, even at its highest and most diffuse, is shaped.

As for his methods: At no time did he seek to achieve watercolor effects in oils. Turner, as Gowing points out in his catalogue essay, was always very much aware of the material properties of his oils. He laid on his pastes with fervor, and a close appraisal of any of the late works indicates that much of the effect is rendered in terms of impastoed passages. To see even the slightest relationship between contemporary practises and Turner's takes more imagination than is warranted.

For that matter, there are many painters in the history of Western art who could be resurrected if the right works were chosen, and seen through contemporary eyes. What about Fragonard's sketches, those pale, atmospheric works with their sanguine accents, sharp and original? And then, Goya. And then, Rembrandt, if seen in one light only. Or even Tiepolo? One could make a good case for Tiepolo's modernity if only his wash drawings were considered. The illogical flights in the works of any singular painter in the past are always possible points of departure for the father-making instinct.

I am not arguing, as does poor Mr. Canaday, that the Museum of Modern Art should not have isolated Turner's late work from his vast oeuvre. This is a correct procedure, and important for the historical perspective. At the point at which the great painter bypasses convention, he is always of interest to the present. Rather, I am suggesting that a patently eccentric figure such as Turner should first be seen in his eccentricity, difficult as that is, and only later put into the linear historical framework.

This historicism, as we have been warned for more than a century, is a dangerous bias, but one which we have great difficulty suppressing.

J. M. W. Turner

"The burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, October 16, 1834"
Oil on canvas, 36½" x 48½" Courtesy The Museum of Modern Art



J. M. W. Turner

"Margate from the Sea. c. 1835-40"
Oil on canvas, 36" x 48".



Photo by Tate Gallery, London
Courtesy The Museum of Modern Art

The idea of progress is laughed at in art, but secretly, most commentators believe in it, and have found no substitute as an approach.

It creeps in regularly in the assessment of contemporary painting. When the so-called "color painters" are discussed, the critics are at pains to establish an order of development, complete with precursors. They imply that "color painting"—a tautology I find rather ridiculous—is a development of a radical order, marking progress in the history of painting. In this method of criticism, Paul Klee's watercolors, particularly those in which he uses only areas of adjacent, often unmodulated color, are merely incomplete gestures in a progression of steps leading to color painting of this moment.

On the other hand, commentators are quick to reverse themselves and suggest that there is no precedent whatsoever, and that color painting of this moment is a totally new approach to painting. On which chair shall we sit?

I think it is clear that there is no chair available at the moment. A confusion of terms, language and ends reigns, and the burning question for each artist is what to do next, a question posed by the historicizing pressures.

Nothing makes the point better than Frank Stella's recent exhibition at the Castelli Gallery. It is obviously a step from the last exhibition, and tells the onlooker that Stella had to make a move. There is an urgent need to change his terms of discourse at all costs.

Not that the new paintings are completely unrelated to the older paintings. If we recall first the rectangular paintings, with their logical sequence of rectangles within rectangles; then the squarish successors, with their slightly less logical bands of high, arbitrary color boxing themselves in to a central point, then the still less logical "shaped" canvases—a lozenge with the middle cut out—a sequence is established. Stella moved from a rigorous insistence on a logical relationship of form to boundary, to an increasingly indulgent disregard for his own premise.

Now, the premise is all but obliterated. Although these shaped canvases still seem to grow from a basically rectilinear core, their extrusions of quasi-geometric forms are gratuitous. They may not have been gratuitous in the programming: Stella's use of graph paper suggests that he figures his patterns rather closely. But they are gratuitous to the eye, and somewhat clumsy to boot.

What could be his purpose in building these unwieldy shapes? It is probably a negative purpose springing from the imperative to change even if the change is not motivated.

We know that Stella had a purpose when he first painted his charcoal manifestos. One side of the purpose stemmed from his youth and rebellion. He was denying the abstract expressionist fathers, particularly on the grounds of their reverence for ambiguity. Another side

stemmed from a vision of the painting as an object, a non-illusionistic object with no extra-pictorial content. This was in the established constructivist tradition to which he brought a genuine insight.

When he moved into color, his purpose was less apparent. His use of non-rhyming colors, or colors that had little visible relationship, may have been the result of a decision to alter the terms of color apprehension. In any case, his works of the years 1961-1962 had a strident quality of polemicizing.

Now we have these large, remarkably arbitrary statements in which his established logic is disordered beyond recognition. Built on thick stretchers that put them well out from the walls, the new paintings preserve only the object or thing—like quality that was once established as a goal. The rigor of geometric composing is abandoned, although the forms are still recognizably geometric.

A triangle, for instance, juts out from a rectangle, and is echoed by a painted interior triangle. A sloping straight edge is echoed within by a painted edge, but then, in a strange reversal of principle, Stella indulges in a forbidden game: he paints a terminal on the bias which plunges the eye into the very ambiguity he once despised. His mixtures of metaphors are disconcerting.

As for color, it is used in such occult terms that it is hard to fathom Stella's intentions. He still refuses the gracious old relationships of graduated hues, and he still insists on an arbitrary juxtaposition. But in these paintings, there are no clear statements made. The character is impossible to grasp. Why does he use both pale neutrals and saturated fluorescent colors in relationships that lack dynamism? Why is a shiny black there? Why the fluorescent color in the first place? It is supposed to animate, I think, but tends to accommodate itself to high gallery light and lose its heart.

The whole exhibition reads like a stubborn answer to an unnecessary question, What to do next? One doesn't feel an evolutionary necessity, but a willful decision.

If we stand back, the whole discussion of new painting, color painting, object painting and what have you, takes on a maddening, repetitious quality that bespeaks drastic confusion. Like hamsters wildly treading their wheel, the fabricators of language have brought us no closer to a sober understanding and appraisal of the current dilemmas. I quote a random passage from an article by Gene Baro on Albert Stadler:

"Here is the real problem of contemporary color painting: how to show itself off, what shape to take, image to give, that will not seem finally a mere vehicle for the operation of color (as if the canvas were not vehicle enough)."

Does this further the discourse of modern painting? I think not, and I think it indicates a condition of intellectual stammering that is becoming more evident for each day that passes.

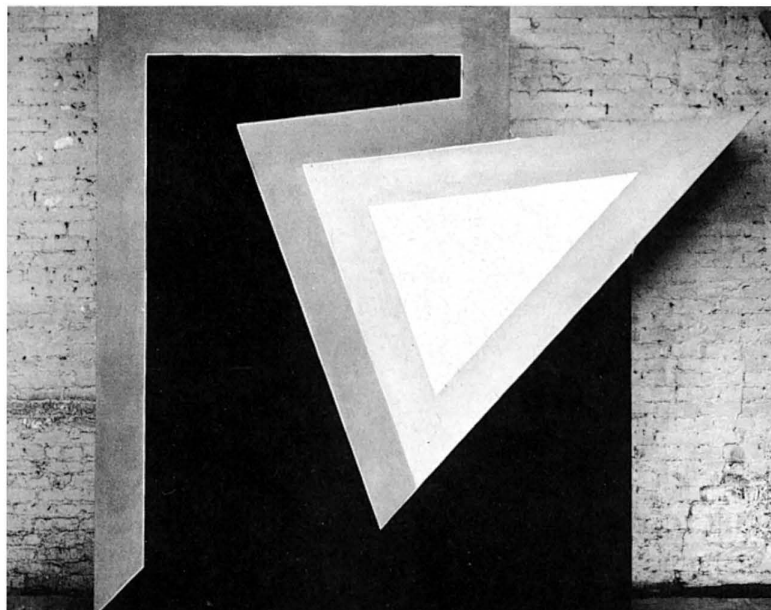
Frank Stella

"Tuftonboro I" 1966

Fluorescent alkyl & epoxy paint on canvas, 99" x 109"

Photo by Rudolph Burckhardt

Courtesy Leo Castelli



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theater

BYRON PUMPHREY

Oh What A Lovely War is incredible theater, an indescribable show, something not to be believed until one has seen it. Theatrically, this musical entertainment is an audaciously wild mixture of Commedia dell'arte, Bertolt Brecht, the English music hall, and documentary. It is, by turns, hilarious, grim, sentimental, gay, sober, sexy, and chilling. Invented in Joan Littlewood's London Workshop, it was produced here by the UCLA Theater Group and directed by Edward Parone.

Miss Littlewood's target is the lunacy of World War I; the stupid miscalculations that launched it; the insane slaughter of 10 million people for military glory and national pride; and the monumental egotism and perverse childishness of the statesmen and military who, having allowed the war to happen, held all the more tenaciously to these qualities in its conduct. A parallel situation comes readily to mind today and, by extension, all that took place on the stage of Schoenberg Hall nightly from January 19 through February 20 provided a shattering comment on the war news about Viet Nam during the same period.

This is the grim documentary side of *Oh What A Lovely War*, a side that is kept in the background in the beginning. Just those war bulletins sliding by in electric lights, for when the play opens we in the audience are attending a benefit performance for bereaved widows and orphans. Christopher Cary as the master of ceremonies quickly established the atmosphere of an English music hall and brings on five girls and nine fellows to entertain us. The players are attired in the costumes of Pierrots and Pierrettes, costumes that show what the war is like on the home front—a kind of carnival time. Fun at home. Death on the battlefield.

Skits, scenes, songs, jokes, war bulletins. Sex in the service of procuring enlistments, the girls singing:

"We don't want to lose you
But we think you ought to go."

And so the men do. But as the war drags on through the years, though they continue to die bravely, men come to know the utter senselessness of their sacrifice:

"I'd rather stay in England
Bloody, merry England
And fornicate my bloody life away."

Joke: "Old soldiers never die. The young ones wish they would.

War Bulletin: "Three weeks is the average life of a young officer at the front."

Ultimately, on the home front, the carnival spirit withers, the jaunty walk of people becomes plodding, and life takes on a bleak aspect as the reality of what is taking place in the trenches makes itself felt.

War Bulletin "The British loss was 13,000 men; the Allies gained 100 yards."

Song: "Keep the home fires burning . . ."

Just as I said, *Oh What A Lovely War* is not to be described, so I've resorted to giving an impression—the merest sketch of a mélange of material and action as varied and as contradictory as the life of the period it reflects.

Pierrot with a helmet on his head and a gun in his hands fixed with bayonet (the men wear their Pierrot costumes throughout) marvelously expressed the appalling absurdity of all that is reflected on the stage. Here is history shown in the light of brilliant mockery, but mockery with a burning tenderness for humanity. *Oh What A Lovely War* is a sardonic marvel, a theatrical tour de force that fully lives up to its perversely ironic title.

Miss Littlewood's collaborators in the authorship of the play were Charles Chilton and Ted Allan, Mr. Allan writing the treatment. Mr. Parone admits to changing things around a bit in the Theater Group production, but not having seen the original, I have no basis for making a comparison.

Those performing were, generally speaking, up to the material, with outstanding contributions by Christopher Cary, Barry Dennen, Mitzi Hoag, and Lola Fisher.

The theater program in itself is almost worthy of a review. We are informed, for example, that: "In 1960 an American Military Research Team fed all the facts of World War I into computers they use to plan World War III. They reached the conclusion that the 1914-18 war was impossible and couldn't have happened. There could not have been so many blunders nor so many casualties."

Then there is an item from President Johnson's State of the Union message of Jan. 12, 1966, a sentence of which reads: "It is a crime against mankind that so much courage, and so much will, and so many dreams, must be flung on the fires of war and death." Must, Mr. President?

Reading that, I was reminded of that fine passage of Ernest Hemingway's in *A Farewell to Arms*:

"I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We heard them, sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through, and had read them, on proclamations . . . now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory . . . There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. Certain numbers were the same way and certain dates and these with the names of the places were all you could say and have them mean anything. Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene words beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates."

Other major credits: Samuel Matlovsky, musical director; Jim Freiburger, scene design; Miles Harmon, lighting; costumes, slides and props from the original London production.

The Theater Group, University of California Extension at UCLA will become the Theater Group of Los Angeles now that it has been "accepted" as the resident dramatic company at the Music Center. "Accepted" is put in quotation marks to call attention to the fact that the Theater Group was not "accepted" as a University organization. Rather, as Mrs. Dorothy Buffum Chandler, president of the Performing Arts Council announced, "the professional theatrical organization will end its association with the Westwood campus at the conclusion of its current season in September. It will be incorporated as the Theater Group of Los Angeles."

The Theater Group is to become, then, a somewhat different entity. It was, and still is, for the time being, a unique creation. Formed under the leadership of Dr. Abbott Kaplan, it is governed by a group of University professors of theater arts and prominent members of the film, stage and television professions. In 1962, following three years of producing plays, its record was such that it received a grant of \$500,000 from the Ford Foundation. This grant was to be used for the establishment of a permanent resident company in its own theater. The Board of Regents of the University set aside a building site for the theater and the Ford Foundation went along with the request that its \$500,000 grant might be used to defray part of the cost of constructing it, this on condition that a permanent resident company be established after the theater was built, which would accomplish the original purpose of the grant. By this time, however, Mrs. Chandler's plans for the Music Center were well advanced and the question arose as to whether the Theater Group should build its own theater on the University campus or move downtown.

The decision to move to the Music Center has resulted in a fundamental change in the organizational structure of the Theater Group. Although Dr. Kaplan will be chairman of the new board of directors and although this body will have as members a number of professors in the Theater Arts Department of the University as well as members of the entertainment field, it will also include, along with Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Anna Bing Arnold, Mrs. Sidney Brophy, Mrs. Norton

(Continued on page 29)

DON'T JUST DO SOMETHING, STAND THERE

—W. Job

Southern California has become a grand guignol worthy of Céline. Our elected officials speak and act like the surrealistic petty functionaries in a Kafka nightmare, deaf to reason. Their every move seems calculated to subvert the quality of our natural and cultural environment, though it is likely in this regard at least that they are incapable rather than calculating. The job of protecting us and improving our lot and surroundings is beyond them. The short view, the hasty decisions, the easy compromises of principle, the bureaucratic obtuseness or worse which seemed so harmless taken singly first created small isolated brush fires that now have joined in one gigantic conflagration of problems. Our officials have lost control and canter whinnying and naying from one emergency to another. The losses in lives, property, the waste of money resulting from the lack of rational planning and behavior are enormous.

While we slaughter ourselves in disproportionate numbers on our streets, riot, submissively breathe poisoned air which cost us millions to develop, our selectmen bray half-think at each other and commit follies of such rhapsodic proportions that the rest of the world no longer watches Southern California — the land of nuts and dates — with amused tolerance but with real awe.

Our streets are the bloodiest, our air the filthiest and most lethal in the world, yet our city council refuses to join SCAG, an association of local governments formed to fight on a regional level smog, transportation, and other environmental problems which don't stop at city or county lines. Perhaps in retaliation, our mayor appoints Walt Disney a consultant on urban development.

The Los Angeles Board of Education sells to private interests Irving Gill's Dodge House, a structure of educational and historical importance — and calls the loss a profit. From half-think to double-think.

The city council is preparing to give to the federal government (for construction of a veteran's hospital) park land in East Los Angeles, where parks are desperately needed, in exchange for land for a new park in West Los Angeles where most houses are already situated in their own parks.

Low cost housing for elderly people displaced by the Bunker Hill redevelopment is being planned for smog hollows under and around freeways. Death on the installment plan. Why not the gas chamber?

Somehow even our tragedies are turned into farce. Developers are permitted to build on land notorious for its instability and when the inevitable landslides occur, the victims are told they have nobody to blame but themselves and are billed the costs of removing the rubble that was once their homes.

Our mayor visits Vietnam but avoids Watts.

The latest but certainly not the last idiocy was the embarrassing and dishonest attempt by the county supervisors to suppress the Kienholz exhibition at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, which is still struggling to pull itself together after being dismembered by the museum trustees. The gigantic press coverage of that battle undoubtedly inspired this one, which made even more noise. It remains to be seen whether the publicity helped the supervisors, whose leader in this case is running for governor.

Meanwhile, the insistent counterpoint of the axe can be heard off-stage, chopping away at our environment. Perhaps we should, as Reyner Banham suggested only half in jest, continue as we are. After all, it would be no terrible loss, he said; Los Angeles is only one city among thousands, and by destroying itself it could be of great benefit as an object lesson. That's an optimistic line to take, however. Even a glance at the rest of the world is enough to show there's more than a bit of Southern California in everyone.

Viennese architect Hans Hollein, 32, whose visionary "Transformations" are shown on pages 24-5, studied architecture and city planning at IIT and UC Berkeley where he received his M.A. in 1960. Although now based in Vienna after practicing in Sweden and the U.S. for several years, he is currently giving a course at Washington University in St. Louis. He also is editor of a new Austrian architectural journal, *Bau*.

In a previous presentation of Hollein's work (A & A Aug. 1963), Joseph Escherick described it as work of a conscious visionary and revolutionary, "not in revolt against the glories of history but against the inane mediocrity of the present" and in search of "the expression of an absolute architecture." His work "is a step toward the future, a step that recognizes the enormous potential of our time. The terms, the language of (his) work is not limited by purposes or uses, but is absolute. Purposes and uses can come later; they are the easiest part."

D.T.

in passing

ARCHITECTURAL CREDITS FOR PHOTOGRAPHS ON PAGE 9 SHOULD READ AS FOLLOWS:

2 AND 3: A. QUINCY JONES, ARCHITECT

4: WHITNEY R. SMITH AND A. QUINCY JONES, ARCHITECTS; EDGARDO CONTINI, ENGINEER





WEST COAST ARCHITECTS VI

A. QUINCY JONES AND FREDERICK E. EMMONS BY ESTHER MCCOY

Jones and Emmons may well be the personification of the middle sized architectural office with its potential for handling large jobs while bringing all details into a single vision. The personal stamp of the architect (which amounts to his attitude toward life and his times) comes through clearer in a compact office. A city benefits from having large buildings with a signature on them—if the signature is genuine. The signature of A. Quincy Jones is robust, scrupulous and humane. Jones is a westerner, and his designs are at home in the west and at the same time transportable. Certain ideas travel well; those of Jones do. The reason lies not so much in plan or detailing or any particular use of materials, but in an esthetic expressed in terms of the economy.

Jones opened his own office in 1945 in Los Angeles following war time service with the navy (the office of Jones and Emmons was formed in 1950). Like so many of the young architects who went through World War II designing, building and living in anonymous structures, Jones turned eagerly at the end of the war to residential design—but not in the mood to make up for the spartan life by stuffing the house with luxuries. After the years of regimentation, the craving of the late forties was for the one-of-a-kind; but Jones began a search for a way to combine the essence of the custom house with what was readily accomplishable in terms of the postwar economy. Instead of shedding the discipline imposed during the war, he put it to work for him to find the common denominator of the good house.

The government had a great opportunity at that time to turn airplane plants into factories for the production of much needed housing, but with the one-of-a-kind philosophy after the war the fear of standardization killed all hope of industrializing the building industry. What Jones did was to light a few candles; they shed a far reaching light.

His first effort was the Builders House of 1948, a flexible structure designed to be erected on upslopes, downslopes and flat land. The National AIA First Honor Award which he received for the work testified to its importance. If the simple rectangular plan, which bursts out of its boundaries into gardens and patios, and the easy flow of space from living to dining to kitchen seem very familiar today, it is because they worked so well for so many, and at a modest cost. This was not the industrialized house that was long overdue, and which would solve housing needs once and for all, but it was nevertheless a trail blazer. If Eichler Homes cost less per square foot today than in 1948, despite inflation, Jones played a part in bringing it about.

Good environment at a low cost was Jones' aim,

and to bring it about he re-examined every element in the house. Certain things he omitted were history making. You can trace rising wage scales of certain building trades by what he omitted or minimized—the paneled rather than the plastered wall, for instance. The ultimate result of this is clear today when you look at the campaign of the plasterers to sell the lath and plastered wall as the criterion of good building; beginning in the forties, the plasterer priced himself almost out of existence.

In 1947 a joint venture of Jones, Smith and Contini masterplanned and designed houses for a remarkable tract, the communally owned Mutual Housing Association. Almost two decades later, we can see how successful it was in preserving the natural landscape by comparing it to the work of commercial builders who strewed their mistakes over what were once fields of wild mustard, orange groves and softly rolling hills. Jones' philosophy that buildings can add to rather than subtract from a site is abundantly clear in the Mutual Housing Tract.

Indeed, the Jones and Emmons office has often made a real sacrifice to preserve or create a natural setting for one of the numerous tracts it has designed. Although they have been singularly blessed in having for a client such a sympathetic developer as Joseph Eichler of Eichler Homes, zoning laws are set to make it very difficult for an architect to do a creative job of masterplanning.

An example of the restrictive nature of the zoning laws is the Eichler tract which was the 1962 Case Study Houses for Arts & Architecture. The principle which the architects wanted to apply was one they had tried out successfully in Greenmeadow, a tract they had designed for Eichler Homes in Palo Alto. Ten percent of each of the approximately acre-sized lots was accumulated into parks and green strips, to be maintained by the association of homeowners. An acre has proved to be more land than most homeowners are able to take care of, so the conversion of a fraction of each lot during the plot planning stage into communal green spaces was good logic which led to good environment. It had worked well in Greenmeadow, and in addition to the shared green spaces the homeowners were given a community center and a swimming pool.

Jones and Emmons spent a year trying to get a similar plan through various planning boards in the Los Angeles area, but if one thinks he can give Los Angeles a maintenance-assured vest pocket park or system of green strips he is in for a surprise. It was too early in 1962 for Los Angeles to look with anything but suspicion at developers



1. Nordlinger House, Bel Air, 1956. Photo by Julius Shulman.
- 2/3. Builders House, 1948, with Smith and Contini; National AIA First Honor Award. Photos by Julius Shulman and Margaret Stovall
4. Mutual Housing, Los Angeles, 1947. Photo by Julius Shulman



and architects who wanted to save old trees, preserve the contours of the land and offer a few green oases to break the monotony of the miles of dismal tracts.

The excellent scheme of the architects to mound up earth from excavations to create sound barriers between houses, and the use of the 15-foot differences in grade to tuck the houses in was a marvel of planning. Multiplied by a thousand, the texture of our environment would have been greatly enriched.

Although tract housing represents only a fraction of the work of the Jones and Emmons office, the importance of their contribution to social housing tended for some time to type-cast them. In the same way, the excellence they have brought to the design of libraries in the last few years gives an impression that they are primarily library designers, and the recent award from the AIA-American Library Association for the Research Library at UCLA supports the impression.

The truth is that the work of the office has been unusually varied since the partnership was formed in 1950, which is borne out by the number of categories in which they have received awards. They have to their credit as many custom homes as tract houses, and their office buildings are numerous and distinguished. Two combined office factories selected for these pages illustrate the concern of the architects for the people who use a building. The 1955 Arcadia Metal Products building and the 1964 Infrared Industries have in common a sensuous feeling for site, natural or created. Although one is on a city street and the other in a meadow, both are designed to give pleasure to the insider looking out and the outsider looking in. They are fine examples of the way in which a building can add to the cityscape and landscape.

The U.S. Consulate General building at Singapore, a simple cube with grilles on all four sides to temper the equatorial heat, rests on a one-story element projecting beyond the cube, a solution which provides a readily accessible information library on the ground floor and shaded walkways. The photograph of the model does not convey the present lushness of growth but does indicate climate considerations, and also the respect paid by the architects to the small Armenian church which abuts the site.

Two apartment houses, both with an elegance of scale, were built a year apart, but one took a third the time to build of the other due to the slip form system used. The 1963 Shorecliff Tower Apartments in Santa Monica is a 13-story structure built in eight months. The lightweight concrete walls were poured in two sets of plywood forms which were lifted by a 66-foot crane at the center of the building; special joints were developed to permit the walls to be poured three stories ahead of the floors.

As in all construction which varies from the standard, or intensifies the industrial process, the architect (even with an engineer as able as Richard Bradshaw) becomes a field man. The Jones office was not new to experimentation: it had brought the steel-framed house down within economic reach of the tract builder, and had found different uses for other systems to meet a special need, thus experiencing the pressure of designing for close scheduling. With a building rising eight inches an hour the discipline of the lumber yard becomes archaic.

But wood has its discipline—and drama—in the

St. Michael's and All Angels Church of 1962; the basic structural unit is a series of laminated wood trusses, 46 feet at the apex. In comparison, the 1953 St. Matthews Episcopal Church has a low sheltering roof with the extended eaves at the entrance forming a protection made friendly by wood.

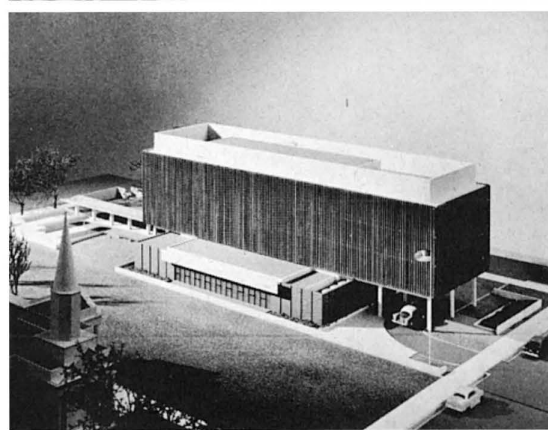
In the houses Jones and Emmons designed for their own use in 1954 the structure is de-emphasized to bring into nice equilibrium the enclosed and outer space. (The Jones house, of steel frame, was destroyed in the Bel Air fire.) This de-emphasis illuminates the beauty of the spaces and their progression; in a way it is also a comment on the complexity of the modern sensibility with its dependence upon the machine and its memories of the idyllic.

Major works of the office today include buildings for college campuses—the 1964 Research Library for UCLA, the Speech and Dramatic Arts Building of the same year for UC Santa Barbara, the Graduate Research Library now under construction at the University of Hawaii, and the master plan for the new State College at Dominguez Hills. Jones, individually, is further involved in campus planning by his recent appointment as consulting architect and master planner of UC San Diego.

There is also under way a Central Library for Rolling Hills Estates with an unusual plan which should increase the circulation of books enormously: most of the ground level and the roof are given over to parking and the middle level is the library. In this way a small site centrally located but low on parking spaces becomes the ideal spot for book borrowers. It is an accomplishment to bring amenities to a parking lot library and to find a form for a mongrel need, a form with architectural significance. It is a prophetic building.

In the work for the campuses Jones and Emmons are developing a new style, one which is based on the sincerity and concern for people developed in housing—movement into and around garden spaces, simplification of forms and processes to make economically feasible what is esthetically stimulating—and other elements. There is a breath of neo-classicism, not the resounding kind which seems inevitably to reoccur in public buildings at times of great political power or a thrust of confidence, and the symbol of which is the column: they use neo-classical elements to refine the scale of the modified cube form, the most practical building type. In the Research Library at UCLA it is expressed in the columned pavilion extending beyond the cube to form an entrance; however, the fine relationship between the entrance and the block of the building is not clear in the photograph because of the angle of the view. The 22-foot module is nicely suppressed by the breaking up of the surfaces into a repetition of squares and thin solids and voids, which gives depth to what is essentially a single plane. The module is based on the stack spacing, which occurs in one direction only. For the University of Hawaii Library the 30-foot module permits more flexibility in the placing of stacks.

The thing most campuses lack, Jones says, are human-sized spaces in which the users feel comfortable. In the UCLA library he has spotted a few outdoor spaces which work well for comfort, one especially, a partially shaded terrace on the second floor, and now used by students for studying. Given his way, such retreats would not be so rare on the campuses.





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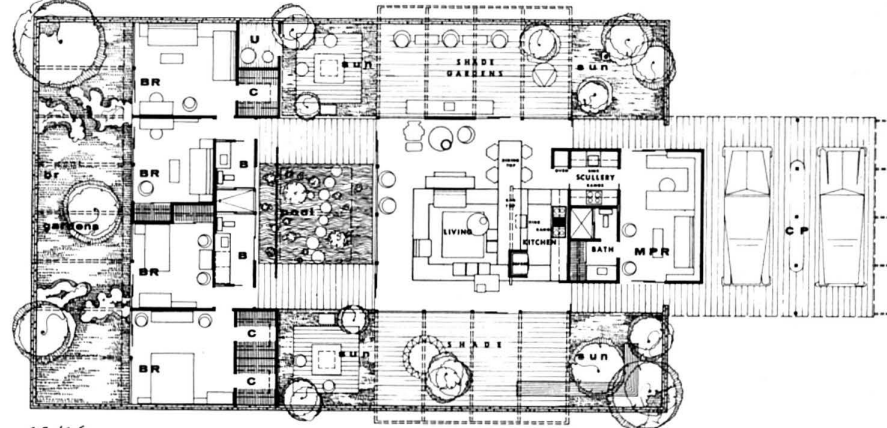


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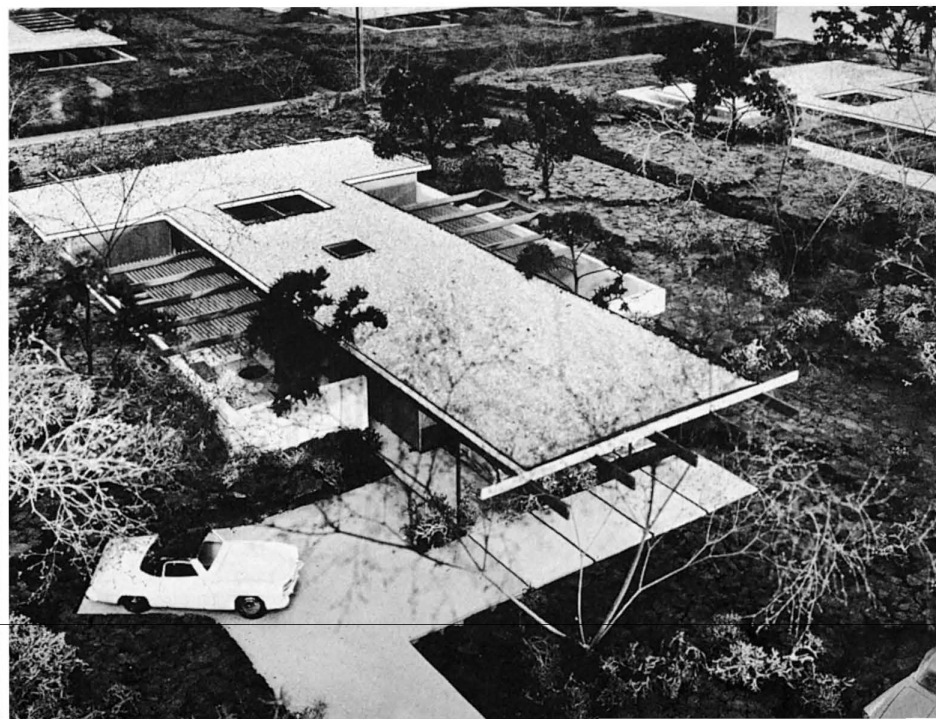
5. *St. Matthews Episcopal Church, Pacific Palisades, 1953. Photo by Julius Shulman*
- 6/7. *Greenmeadow Community Center, Palo Alto, 1955. Photos by Russell Ing*
8. *Arcadia Metal Products Office, Fullerton, 1955. Photo by Dale Healy*
9. *U.S. Consulate General Office, Singapore, 1961.*
10. *Emmons House, Santa Monica Canyon, 1954. Photo by Julius Shulman*
11. *Atrium, Eichler Homes, San Rafael, 1962. Photo by Ernest Braun*
12. *St. Michael and All Angels Church, Studio City, 1962. Photo by Larry Frost*
13. *Jones House, Los Angeles, 1954. Photo by Julius Shulman*
14. *Eichler Homes, Case Study Houses for Arts & Architecture Magazine, 1962. Tract concept.*
- 15/16. *Eichler Homes, CSH for A & A. Plan and Model. Photo by Leland Y. Lee*



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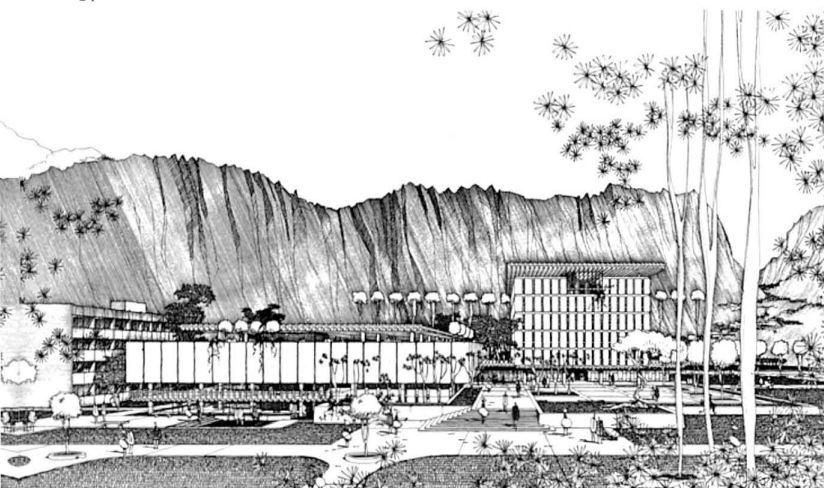


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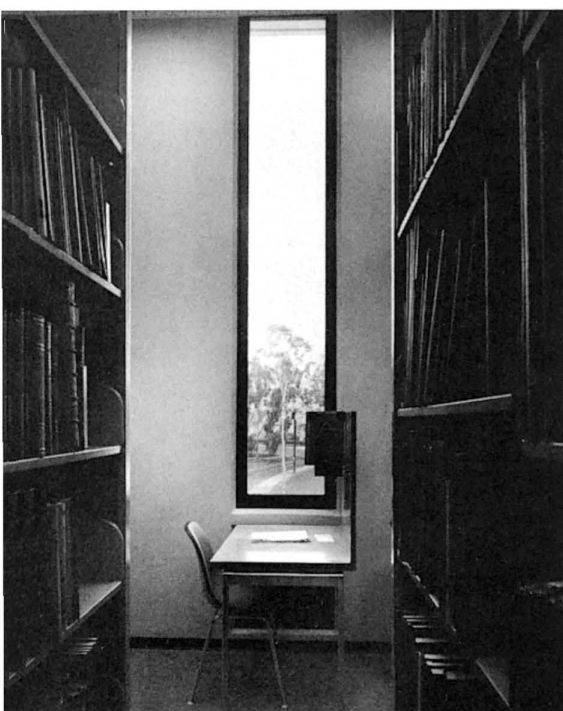


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17. Shorecliff Tower Apartments, Santa Monica, 1963. Photo by Ed Delgado
 18. University of Hawaii Library. Under construction 1966.
 19/20/21. Research Library, UCLA, 1964. Photo by Marvin Rand. Photos by Julius Shulman
 22. Infrared Industries, Carpinteria, 1964. Photo by Ernest Braun
 23. Speech and Dramatic Arts Building, University of California, Santa Barbara, 1964. Photo by W. Swalling
 24. Central Library, Rolling Hills Estates, under construction.
 25. Bell and Clock Tower, University of California, Riverside, 1966.



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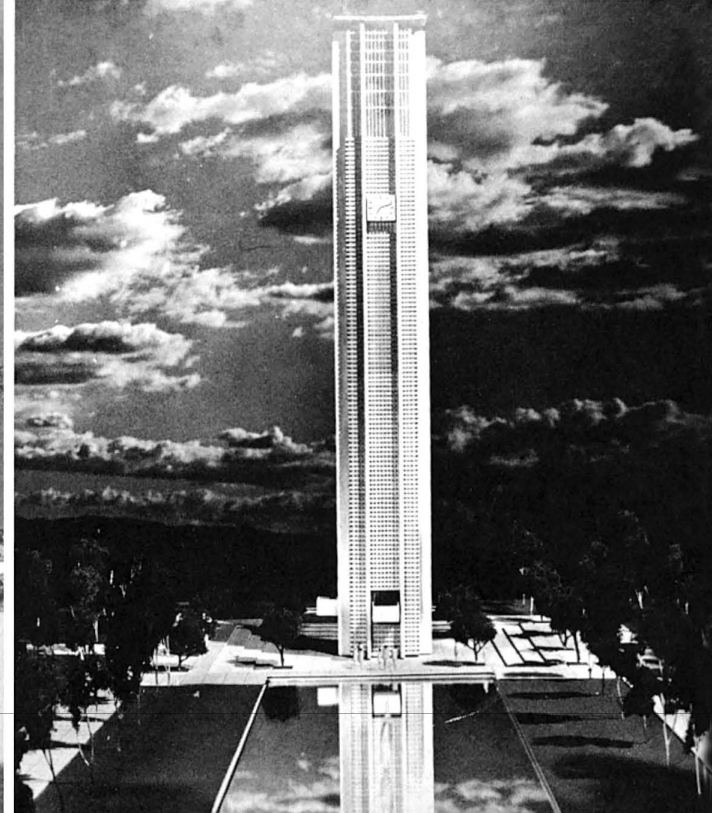
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JOHN B. PARKIN ASSOCIATES, ARCHITECTS





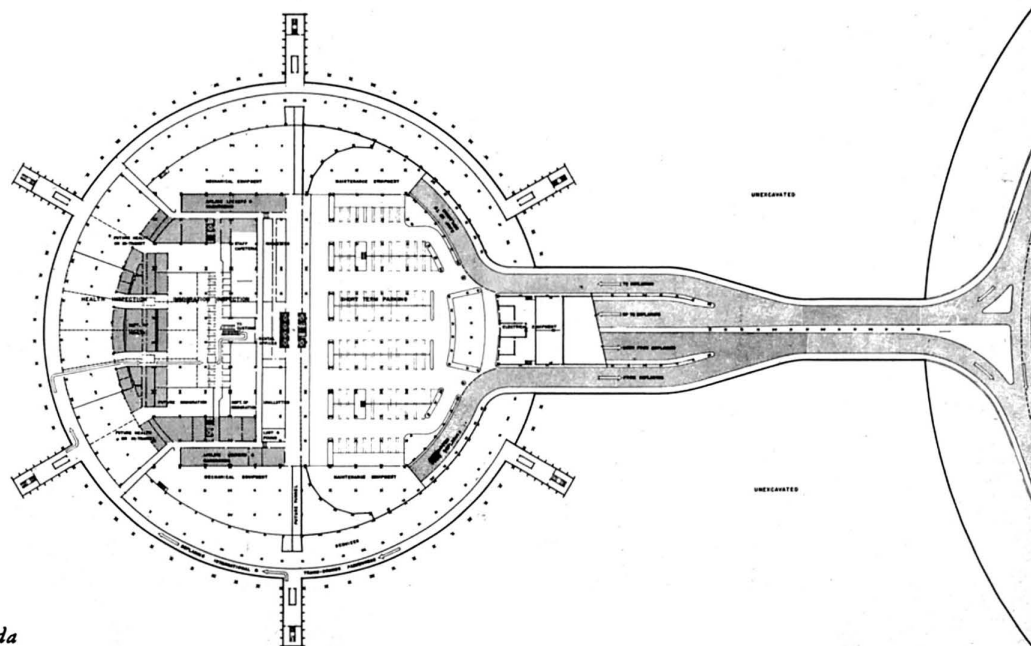
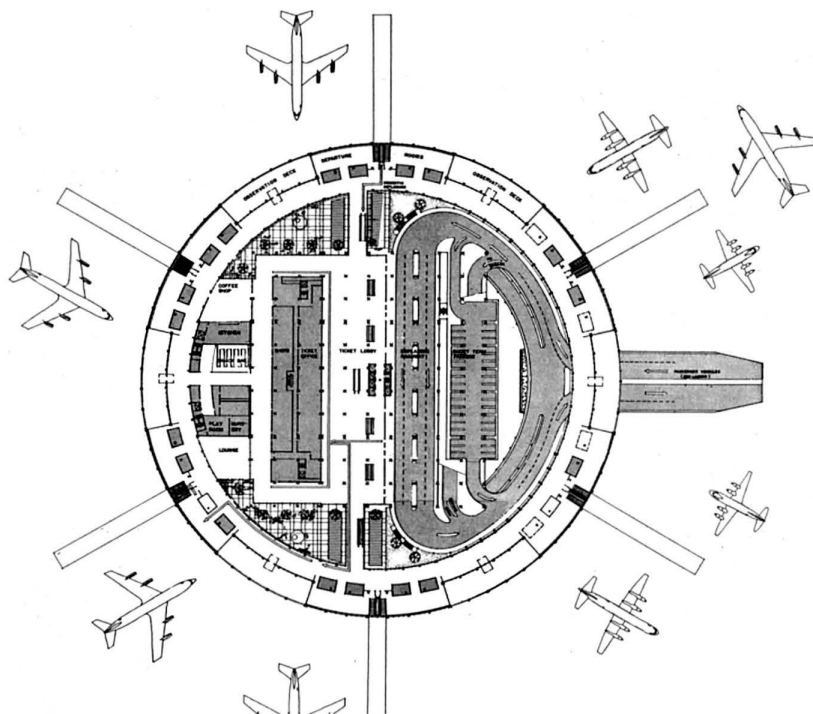
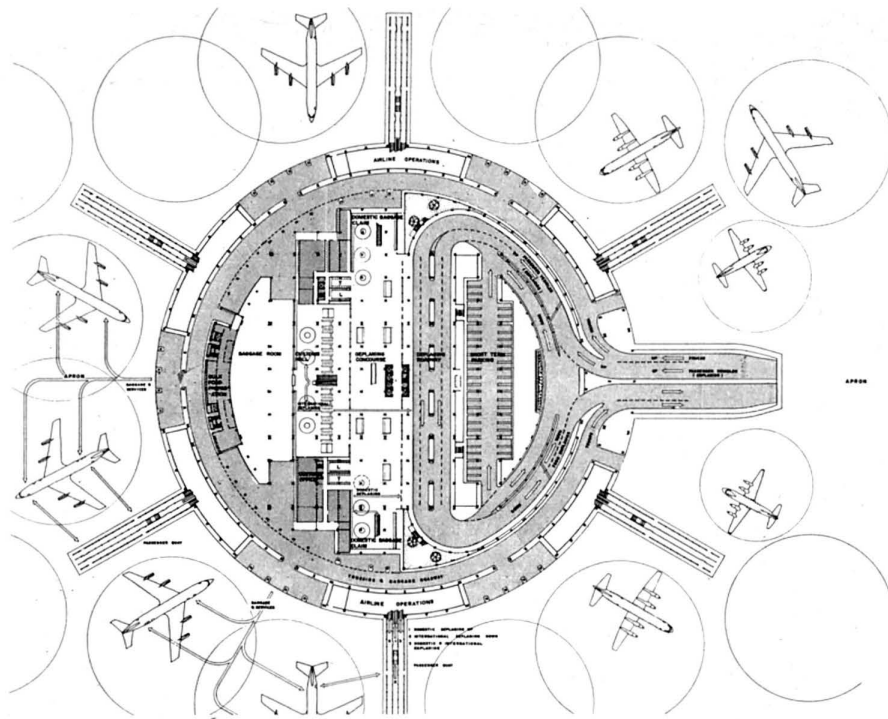
To those accustomed to the vast distances separating plane and auto at large airports, the integration of these two principal modes of travel at Toronto's International Airport must seem a brilliant solution too long in coming. The architects have brought the terminal's road system and parking into the structure, placing the 2500-car garage above. The solution not only reduces the distances from car to ticket counter to plane, but also adds a fitting monumentality to what would otherwise necessarily be a low building.

A tunnel beneath the surrounding apron connects the terminal and parking to the airport's peripheral roadway, a one-way loop. Critic Peter Collins complains that the "restless and complex maze of ramps and columns" of the vehicle approach constitute a "grisly sub-structure" which diminishes the sense of grandeur making the experience of arriving and departing an "oppressive and dismal" one. The judgment appears to be a clouded one; at least the testimony of the photos is otherwise, showing ramps and parking areas to be light and open and structured on a grand scale.

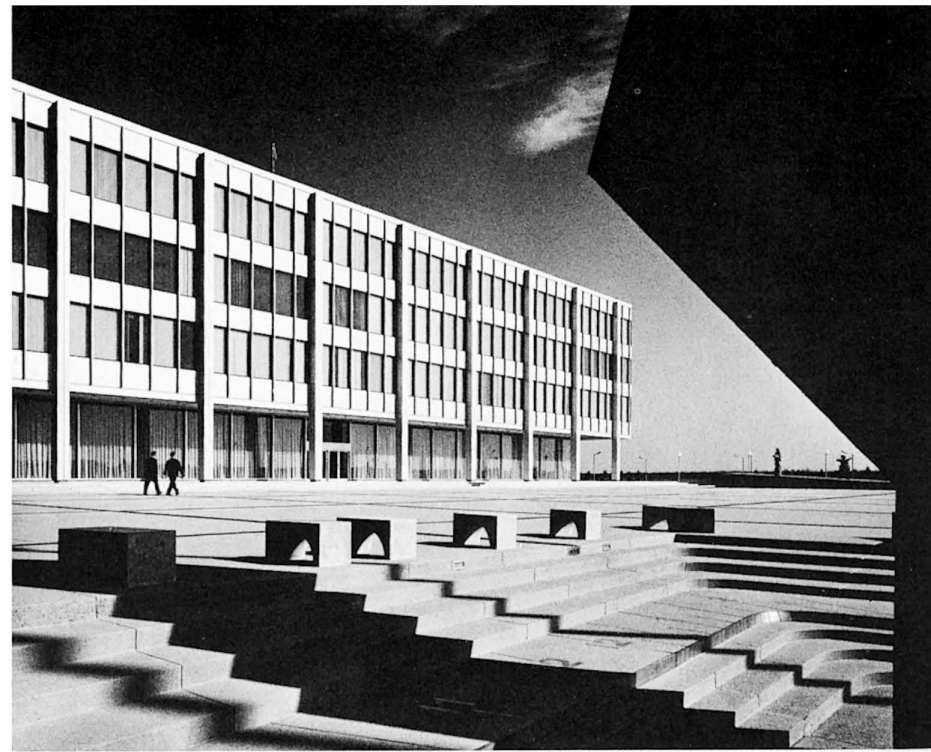
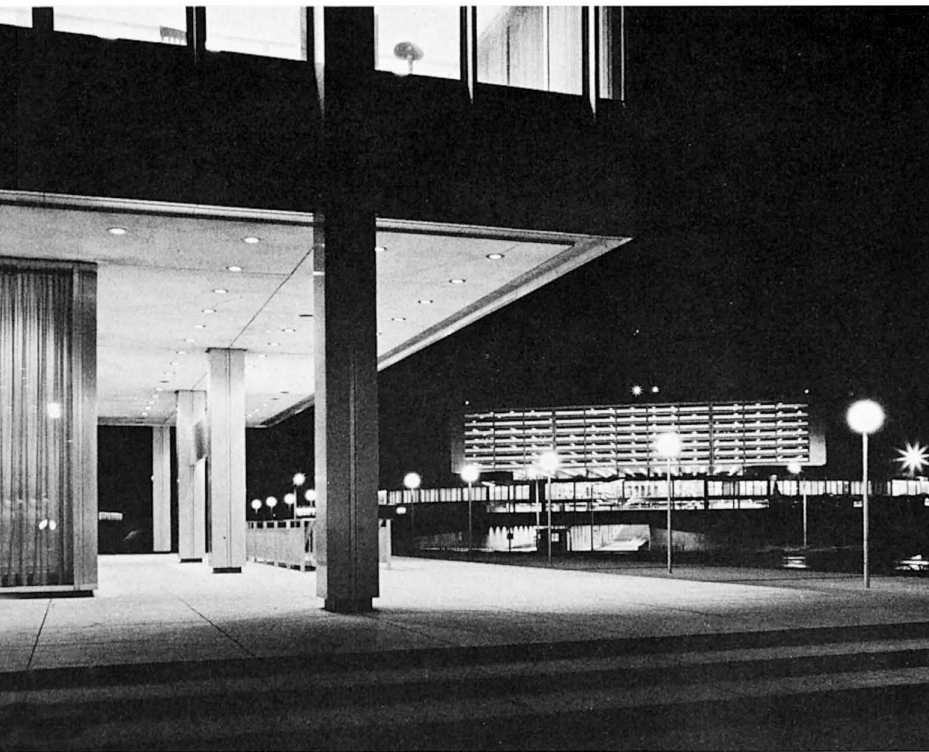
In the Toronto concept, separate functions such as the power plant, the administration, the control tower, the cargo, express and post office operations and the passenger handling facilities, each with different rates and requirements of growth were located separately in order to allow independent development. Passenger facilities, parking facilities and airline operations have the highest rates of growth and required the largest allocations of land. This was provided around a central access area between roadways and runways.

The central area at the Toronto International Airport has been developed in the form of a park for public enjoyment. This area contains the administration building, administration parking, the power and air conditioning plant, grassed and planted areas and a paved public plaza connecting by a footbridge to a reception zone at the edge of the aircraft apron. The reception zone serves a special parking position for V.I.P. aircraft. Large crowds attending special arrivals and departures can be accommodated on the public plaza without disturbing normal airline operations. A giant sundial, Eskimo route markers and flags of the Provinces add interest and scale to the plaza area.

The passenger terminal is an island in the apron area. The island form allows 18 of the largest jet aircraft to be loaded or unloaded simultaneously. Land has been allotted for two future terminals to cater to traffic growth. Cargo, express and mail facilities are located adjacent to the first terminal.



Photos by Panda



Above 2 photos by H. R. Jowett

HISTORY AND PSYCHE

A Reply to A. E. Parr

By Sibyl Moholy-Nagy,
(Very) Senior Architectural Historian,
Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"The creeping blight" of historical ignorance has, sadly, left the traditional precincts of the architectural profession, and has affected the scientific mind whose broad interest in human environment is, otherwise, so admirable. Dr. Parr (A & A February/March 1966) deplores the monotony of our city streets with "endlessly repeated unadorned forms" lacking that "visual complexity and copious detail" which in the cities of the past was expressed in "the richly varied relations of individual tastes in small buildings." His detailed denunciation is bolstered with profuse references to social psychologists, that mysterious new species whose academic contribution is the elaboration of the obvious. Their discovery that 47.9% of juvenile delinquents "expressed a preference for adventurous activities" would surprise no one but a psychologist. What surprises even an historian is Dr. Parr's conclusion "that there may quite possibly be some contributory positive connection between modern architecture and juvenile delinquency," and (quoth R. Tunley) a rhetorical expression of wonderment at "how many of our restless energetic pioneer heroes would have been juvenile delinquents if compelled to live today in our towns and cities."

Exhaustive studies have proven that no cause and effect can be established between social behavior and dwelling type despite the fond belief of the fathers of Garden City and Bauhaus Movement alike that the architect has the power to determine morality. The most recent statistics on asocial trends in the suburbs should be the ultimate debunker of this 19th-century myth. And our "restless energetic pioneer heroes" would need a less spongy identification before it could be established that their youth *was* nondelinquent. "The crushing anonymity, loneliness and ugliness of high-rise apartments," the pathological effects of overcrowding, "the anonymity of featureless cubicles," and the need for privacy in "a distinctive personal domain," are today not an iota worse than they were in cities from the dawn of urbanization, around 4000 B.C. or possibly earlier. One could compose a picture strip of urban living quarters through the milleniums that makes their ultimate evolution into low-cost housing facing ball parks and New York's East River, or rolling playgrounds along Lake Michigan, or the sunsets of San Francisco Bay from a 15th-floor balcony, positively idyllic. The simple fact of history is that residential and small business quarters in all cities at all times have been uniformly designed, lacking all diversity, all deviational ornamentation, treating the city block as if it were a single building. As proof I refer to the quarters of Ur and El Amarna, the Hippodamian walled city blocks of Miletus and Piraeus, Roman tenements and endlessly repeated tabernae, the still inhabited dank grey monotony of medieval streets from Naples to Durham, the Renaissance urban renewals of street after anonymous street in Florence, Rome or Paris; serried ranks of Baroque gables in Southern Germany where standardized half-timber overhangs survive elsewhere, and the supposedly so elegant simplicity and uniformity of, say, London's Georgian Gower Street, of Spanish-Colonial

Casa Muras, of Philadelphia's Chestnut Street—or, you name it, it is all the same. The romantic patina of age should not deceive the scientific mind.

The "old days when each block had a dozen façades and one street did not show you what the next street would look like" were the result of late 19th- and early 20th-century real estate speculation and middle class self-discovery, and constitute—historically—a unique phenomenon. As all persistent patterns in history, the explicit unification of anonymous environmental design, must have responded to a very profound human need. My personal guess is that the desire "to calm our fears and make us feel secure in our surroundings," which Dr. Parr sees betrayed in the monotony of modern architecture, has since time immemorial insisted on a symbolic expression of what urban life has meant to the majority of mankind. Man became a city dweller because he cherished community over rural isolation, mutual assistance over self-defense, specialization of skills and mutual services over the all-round drudgery of the peasant, and the closest possible companionship of men over the proximity of nature. The morbid isolation of the city dweller is a distinctly intellectual malaise unknown to the majority. Unless we assume that man has turned lemming, bent on a masochistic self-destruction, the eager move into every new high-rise tower, whether low-, middle- or capitalist-rent level, refutes the pathetic tale of the cliff-dwellers "sense of frustration and insecurity." Among the profuse output of sociologist bell-ringers there is not one that tabulates the reasons why citizens prefer Marina City to Oak Park, Illinois, or why even the shoddiest Michell-Lama "vertical village" has a long waiting list.

Yet, "in all this welter of ignorance and guesswork there is one phenomenon on which everybody . . . is in universal agreement," and that is a profound discontent with the face of the cities we live in. This alienation of the physical environment has nothing to do with anonymous buildings. It springs consciously or subconsciously from the lack of contrast between the private and the official sphere, between shelter construction and designed, memorable, supra-individual public buildings that symbolize the city as a shared ideal of power and wealth. As if he were a package-dealing AIA member, Dr. Parr assures us that he is "not here concerned with the qualities and impact of outstanding single masterpieces of modern architecture, but with the changing total composition of cityscapes." Perhaps Dr. Parr does not make himself completely clear here, but what matters, and what matters exclusively from a historical viewpoint of urban genesis, IS the impact of the individually designed masterpiece on man-made environment. The subtlest, most satisfying and most lasting relationship has always existed between "the endlessly repeated unadorned forms" of domestic and small business streets, and the elating, memorable and highly symbolic visual stimulus of public buildings, expressing the shared ideals of power, hope and success. Since obviously not ALL city inhabitants of the last 5000 or 6000 years took, in frustrated adventurousness, to crime, despite the absolute typification of their "featureless cubicles," perceptive sustenance, a mnemonic third dimension that identifies even the last beggar with his city, must have come from public buildings and public places. It still exists today—this sense of place through participation in unique design—in Rocke-

feller Center on a sunny afternoon, on the lagoon of Lincoln Park in Chicago, sitting in the Civic Center court in San Francisco, spending a Sunday afternoon on the terraces of the Los Angeles Art Museum. But the contributions to this architectural competition of temple and palace, Boulevarierion and Palaestra, cathedral, guild hall, city hall, theater, library, museum, law court and parliament are getting scarcer. "Uniformity of thought creates a uniformity of form," said Albertus Magnus, wiping most probably a discreet yawn from his holy lips as he looked at the umptiest gothic cathedral. The race for urban grandeur between Mr. Chase Manhattan and Mr. Seagram, or between the New York Port Authority and Pan American is not very inspiring; and the reduction of public spaces to life "inside the womb of urban architecture" is in danger of liquidating the second great stimulus of non-natural environment.

The failure of our cities is not a failure of shelter design; it is a failure of self-identification through the art of building—it is, in other words, the failure of a society to celebrate the uniqueness and success of its urban talent. Architecture is not—is *not*—"the expression of structural techniques." It is the creation of a man-made image of collectively held ideals and aspirations that will justify the precarious severance of man's given bonds with nature. Uncounted generations of city dwellers lived and created civilizations because they were stimulated and confirmed by great singular public buildings whose impact would have been ineffective without the support of the admiring crowd of anonymous structures at their feet. One only has to look at the horrifying vandalism that eliminated "all anonymous structures in the historical area" of Philadelphia, leaving a few great civic structures denuded and unsupported, to understand the profound importance of those "endlessly repeated unadorned forms" on which all city builders in history agreed.

The ultimate threat to urban sanity is not the secretary who turns off Park Avenue because the lunch counters and lingerie stores happen to be all on Madison Avenue, nor even the architectural failure of most public buildings. The moral destruction of urban society will come with the Infra or Mega or whatever structures of which a prize-winning example is depicted in the same number of *Arts & Architecture* that brings Dr. Parr's article. DMJM's Sunset Mountain Park proposes 7,200 dwellings in a single tentacled structure. "Included are shops, supermarkets, schools, banks and professional offices, a hotel, a medical center, police station and heliport." From the cradle to the grave life will be "extruded" like plastic toys into a uniform module, serving the most public and the most private functions alike. A ghetto of social, economic and cultural uniformity will produce a perceptive and intellectual idiocy whose foremost victims will be women and children shut-ins. Their only "adventure" will be the breathtaking discovery that the next tract and the next one are exactly like their own. The total destruction of natural ecology, indicated in a warning by Joyce Earley Lyndon, will be irrelevant compared to the ecological annihilation of man as a mobile, intermixing, curious, expansive, contentious creature. It is here that Dr. Parr's criticism begins to make sense. Stuyvesant Town Oval—surrounded by and in easiest reach of the multi-morphous contrasts of *A City in History*—will seem to demented future mega-dwellers like the last of the Stoas.

Janus-faced headdress, Northwest Coast Indian, (Tsimshian ?)



By Peter Yates

(For a full review of the Wellcome Collection exhibit see Mr. Yates' regular column on page 30.)

We should approach an exhibition of ethnic masterpieces knowing that these works mirror, perhaps more simply, our perhaps more complex selves. If we feel the cruelty or crudity of mind which produced some of them, we may reflect that it cannot approximate the cruelty and crudity we have known in our lifetime in our civilization. We should not expect these makers of masks and fetishes, these sculptors in wood, ivory, metal, leather, and mud, these ceramicists, boxmakers, and weavers, from many centuries and peoples, to create "beauty" in our habitual significance of values. Fortunately we have had some chance to become acquainted with their work, in reproduction and picture and through the enthusiasm of 20th century artists who have learned from and imitated them.

But herein arises another probable misunderstanding: the objects speak to our sophistication, to our museum awareness, our discrimination of design and form. Turn off the electric lights; build a wood fire on the floor, flickering along the walls; confine yourself among these images. Then you may commence to see them. Even that is not sufficient. Let in through the darkened doors some of the terror of our city streets, the fear of hatred and brutality we cannot anticipate. At the same time we must keep in mind that many of the ceremonies for which these artfully frightening masks were designed may have been no more severe and no less high-minded than our fraternal initiations, and much of the rough excitement was horseplay. Even savages share some fun.

These are not representations and they are not abstract works of art; they are images: "an imitation or likeness of any person or thing, sculptured, drawn, painted, or the like . . . a copy or counterpart . . . a mental representation of anything not actually present to the senses"—not, therefore, in our formal meaning a representation, rather "an illusory appearance, an apparition . . . a symbol." The dictionary definition does well.

If it is a mask, there was a man inside it or behind it, a man driven or haunted by conventions, conformities, social or religious fears we do not know. Among us the man assumes the mask; he does not wear it, he becomes it. The primitive man, wearing the mask, spoke for some power, unreal to us, known by his tribe. The man of our society, not wearing the mask, believes the power his; in his public duty the corporate power enters into him. He sits behind a desk as the chieftain sat in his carved chair, carved with little male figures and masks. Other chairs are alive with figures symbolic of village life, musicians, dancers, hunters, women at the grain mortar, a circumcision, explicitly erotic scenes. The erotic is not published or exposed, as we do it, for thrill or gain; the phallus and other sex symbols stand for human potency—nature's life force in man.

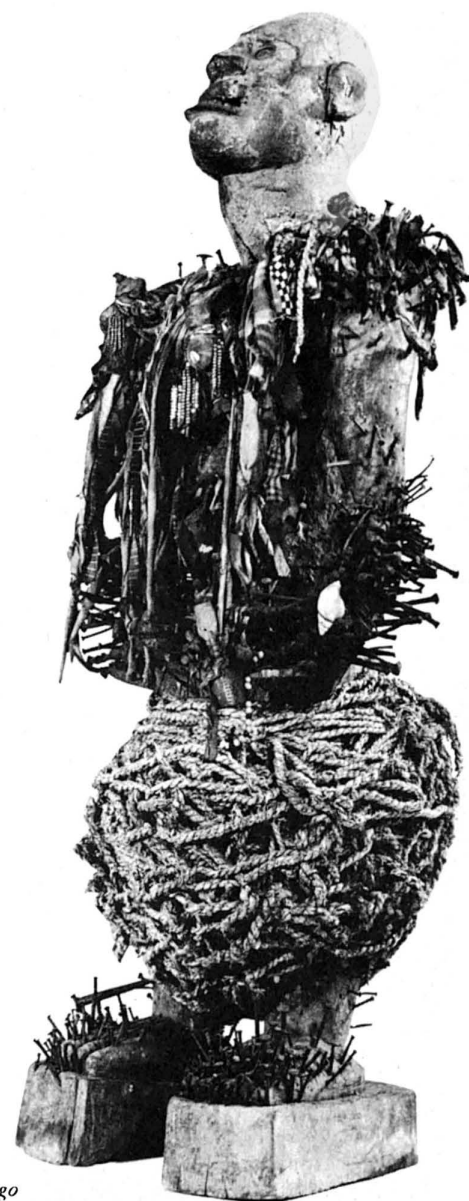
Courtesy Museum and Laboratories of Ethnic Arts and Technology, UCLA. Photos by Rebecca Holmes



Ambrym (?) mask, New Hebrides



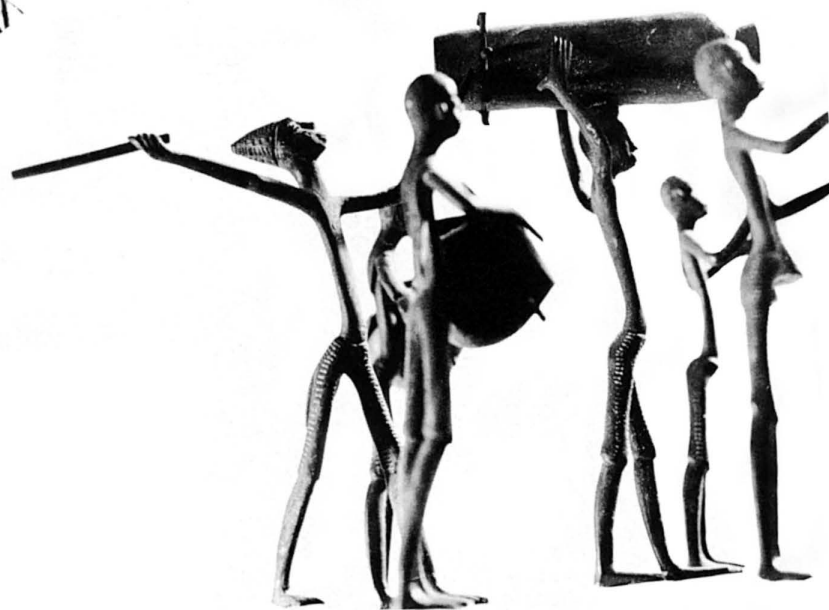
Mask head, Bamendjo, Cameroun, West Africa



Nail fetish, Mayumbe, Congo

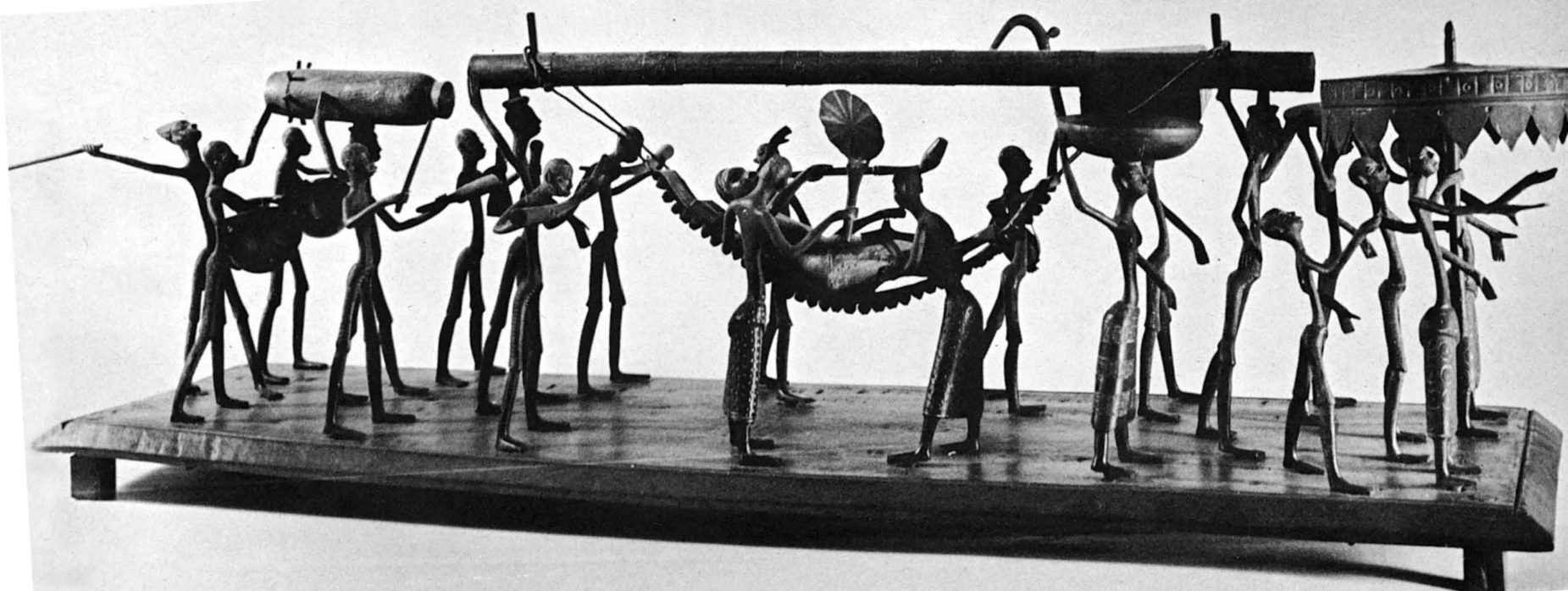


Mask for circumcision rites, Yaka Tribe, Congo



Detail of 22 cast bronze figures

22 cast bronze figures, Fon Tribe, Dahomey, West Africa





Wooden drum, Ghana



Wooden statue, New Caledonia



Double figure — wood, Irian, Geelvink Bay Region, New Guinea

Detail of nail fetish, Mayumbe, Congo



Bird figure, Dayak, Borneo

THE SEARCH FOR CERTAINTY

By Robert Bartlett Riley, *Architectural and Planning Editor of Landscape.*

The current state of architecture has been persistently described as one of chaos. Now the word "chaos" is significant. Why not "diversity" or even "freedom"? Chaos, diversity and freedom, respectively, are words of negative, neutral and positive feeling. The common choice of "chaos" tells us a great deal not only about contemporary architecture, but about our basic beliefs. We face a diversity of style and philosophy and we do not like it. We may accept it as unavoidable but we are uneasy. In our hearts we feel that it is wrong, somehow immoral. Rather than welcoming our uncertainty as a chance for variety and individual expression, we seek to mold from it a common approach, a universal way of working, unique to our time. We seek a style, not in the derogatory sense of the word as applied to nineteenth century eclecticism, but in the historic sense, as applied to the truly great architectural epochs of the past. Now architects are not so naive as to think that this is their problem alone. They realize that their predicament is a reflection of the confused state of the time. But there persists the feeling that this confusion lies only on the surface, that it can be blamed on the architectural press, on Madison Avenue, or on the abundance of materials and techniques. Underneath, we feel, there is a unity in society, a unity which architecture should express, a unity which can be called the "dominant." To quote R. Furneaux Jordan:

"The dominant is the zeitgeist, wherein the arts, the resources, the dynamics of an age, are directed to a single end so that, ultimately, that end is the fullest material expression of a transcendental idea."

We hope that through inquiry, discipline and self-denial we can master the confusion and create the unique architecture which will serve that dominant.¹

What are the sources of this desire for a unique way of building, this search for certainty? Why do we reject diversity, be it called freedom or chaos? Why is there diversity rather than unity? Is it desirable or even possible to mold a style from this diversity? If it is impossible now, when and under what conditions might it be possible? First of all we should realize that this desire for discipline is not unique to our time. It has been a recurring theme for over four hundred years. The Renaissance broke forever the chains that had bound the architect. It transformed him from a semi-anonymous artisan and builder working within limited unconscious, unexamined cultural goals, into a rational, self-conscious, individual designer. It gave him freedom: a freedom that has caused him pain as well as pleasure—a freedom from which he has periodically fled. When, as in the age of the Baroque, society has given the architect strong direction, or when, as in the early twentieth century, strong new philosophies in art have arisen, the architect has responded energetically. But when there has been no strong cultural direction, no exciting artistic ferment, he has not been notably happy with his freedom. Great figures such as Ledoux and Soane have used such a vacuum to develop powerful individual styles. Most architects, though, have been content to putter aimlessly about and retreat into the nearest stylistic refuge. This retreat has usually led to imitation; to the academy. The rise of Mannerism was the first retreat. The bold and confident inventiveness of the Renaissance was replaced

by imitation, eclecticism, and a reliance on theory and history. The nineteenth century was another such time, one that produced an unprecedented architectural muddle. That muddle still shapes our thinking.

Society is conservative and slow to accept change in the arts. To overcome this inertia the artist must not only say, "What we offer is better than what we now have," but must add "What we now have is distasteful, ugly and untrue." And so the search for a new expression begins with sweeping condemnation of the status quo as immoral. Exposure of the weaknesses and excesses of existing styles is the propaganda by which a new movement seeks acceptance, and the negative features of a style thereby shape the claims made for its successor. The excesses of nineteenth century architecture were its unrestrained individuality and its historicism, and so the leaders of the modern revolt promised an architecture that was to be supra-individual and unique of its time. But there is a difference between negative aspects of an abandoned style and positive features capable of building a new one. The Victorian failures were so obvious that ever since it has seemed easy to do better. The architects of the last century were conspicuously out of touch with their time. This fact, however, has not made it any easier for us to find a consensus that truly represents our time. But the task still obsesses us. The disastrous failure of the Victorians has left us both with a distorted view of our own purpose and a false confidence in our ability to find a solution for what may still be an insoluble problem.

For the failure of the nineteenth century has led to an uncertainty about our role, a self-consciousness that has changed the nature of architectural thinking. The contemporary architect, haunted by the ghost of nineteenth century eclecticism, faces a dilemma. On the one hand we remember our early promise to achieve a universal and uniquely contemporary way of building. On the other hand we are terrified at the idea of creating a "style" in the nineteenth century sense. As a result we search for answers lying outside the field of architectural design proper.

"... the modern architect ... has, for some reason or another stepped out of his role, taken a look at the scene around him and then become obsessed with the importance not of architecture, but of the *relation* of architecture to other things. He has ... left the first personality at the drawing board and taken the second (the 'live' personality) on a world-tour of contemporary life—scientific research, sociology, psychology, engineering, the arts, and a great many other things. Returning to the drawing board he finds the first personality embarrassing and profoundly unattractive. There he stubbornly sits, smelling slightly of the 'styles.' So the second personality sits down beside him and painfully guides his hand ... he is terrified that if he should concentrate again on the exposition and elaboration of purely architectural values he would commit the terrible sin of creating a 'style.' Of this possibility he has an unmitigated horror."²

We reject diversity. We seek a consensus, a common approach. But this proposed vocabulary is not to be based upon the "stylistic" preferences of designers. It is to be something bigger, more basic. It must come from the dominant spirit of our time, as surely as did the Doric and the Gothic from theirs.

What we seek is rejection of the entire post-

Gothic concept of the architect. Our role as self-conscious individual designers is no longer acceptable to us. Whether this discontent is just a yearning for supposedly "simpler" times (Summerson's "fable of the Golden Age") or a portent of a new post-modern role in a mass society we cannot now tell. We should, however, understand its implications and admit that it is conditioned at least partly by a hangover from the intemperate excesses of the nineteenth century.

But if there are historical reasons for our attitude there are also powerful forces in contemporary life which strengthen it. We live today in a society where too many things are possible and too few guide lines for choice are available, the only commonly accepted rules those of the price system. Architects are no more immune to the effects of this situation than anyone else. To fully understand the architectural search for certainty is to see it as part of a general, widespread response to the uncertainties of life today. Fromm has distinguished between "freedom from" and "freedom to" and pointed out that we seek the former and avoid the latter. We seek simple answers and external rules so that we may escape the lonely burden of individual choice. Is it possible that the desire for architectural unity and discipline stems partly from the same fear of uncertainty that has produced the right wing political reaction of America in the sixties? We should examine our feelings closely and ask whether we are honestly condemning an unhealthy state of chaos, or retreating from a freedom which has become too much to bear.

I have said, then, that the search for common style must be seen in a larger perspective than that usually comprehended. It must be understood in terms of our reaction to nineteenth century architecture and our reaction to the awesome freedom of choice of the twentieth century. But though such historical and sociological explanations may help us in understanding our feelings, they do not help us in creating architecture. They do not tell us why diversity exists or whether it is possible or even desirable to end that diversity.

To understand why our time has produced such architectural diversity we must understand three aspects of our culture: its acceleration, its centrifugality, and its self-conscious individuality. We exist in a time of rapidly accelerating change. We are aware of this condition but have not yet faced up to its architectural implications. An example of this blindness is our attitude toward "the decline and fall of the curtain wall." Leaving aside historical quibbling about its intellectual ancestry we can say that the metal curtain wall as an actual widespread means of building is a style that has bloomed, matured and decayed in approximately twenty years. This unexpected short life has been an unpleasant surprise for most of us. We have blamed its death on deficiencies in the style itself ("dehumanized boxes") or on a corrupted architectural climate ("architects are just looking for the latest taste thrill"). We have overlooked two important things. Firstly, the metal curtain wall is—or was—a style just as Doric and Gothic were. Like them it was an honest and supra-individual style based on the realities of the time, and it went through the same cycle of birth, maturation and decay. It died when, and because, it had said everything it had to say.³ Secondly, its life span was so brief not because the style was "untrue" nor because taste has been debauched, but because our time scale is radically different. Processes which formerly took two centuries or more now take perhaps one tenth as long. This is a terribly

important fact of life in our age. Our time scale has been drastically changed. We cannot expect any style, no matter how valid, no matter how grand its expression, to live more than a small fraction of the time associated with the great styles of the past.

We must also understand that our society is diverse and fragmented. Various parts of it have different values and move in different directions. Societies of the past were unified and moved in one direction. Different values and directions may have existed, but only as minor contrapuntal themes woven around one dominant. Those societies moved in a lineal direction. Our society moves not only at a vastly accelerated rate, but *outward* in many directions, its movement centrifugal, not lineal. We have failed to recognize this change, this lack of unity. We continue to search for unity where no unity exists. We continue to think of the many directions as noise, or surface clutter. We think of the many directions as "transitory" rather than "constituent,"⁴ and ignore the fundamental change. Surely the fact that we must look so hard and argue so long in our search for the dominant should reveal that change. The builders of Chartres or the Parthenon did not have to question or debate.

Thirdly, we must understand that not only do different directions exist, but that the choice among them is individual and self-conscious. When we choose a manner of living or building we are aware of the many alternatives and aware, also, that we are making a choice. In the past, alternatives were not only restricted by limited techniques and materials, by ignorance and cultural inhibitions, but choices were hardly recognized as being choices. Other ages felt rather than knew.

These are the factors that have shaped our architecture. What we call chaos is simply an inevitable and natural result of these forces. Architecture will not achieve permanence in a time of accelerating change. It will not achieve unity in a time of diversity, nor anonymity in a time of self-consciousness. Any honest spontaneous expression of our time cannot now produce a style in the sense of the great historic styles. The absence of such a style is implicit in every aspect of our life. There remains, however, the question of what the architect's response should be. Is it more valuable to accept diversity, or to work for a style as a necessary means of providing some organization for the architecture of our time?

To answer this question we must understand the implications of a search for style, and understand the advantages and disadvantages the search might bring us.

A style imposes restraint upon the artist or architect. There are two levels of restraint that affect the artist. The first level is that the conscientious artist imposes upon himself when undertaking any work. Internal within the single work of art, it is the restraint that makes a work self-consistent and unified: the restraint Picasso means when he calls art the sum of destruction, that Mies means when he tells us that he throws out things dear to his heart because they do not fit. The second level is external to the individual work of art—the restraint that says, "There are many ways to build a building (or paint a painting)—I choose this way." The builders of the Greek temples chose external space and the post and beam; the Gothic cathedral builders chose internal space and the pointed arch. This second level of restraint is precisely what makes a *style*.

Now such restraint in our time would be different from that which produced the great architecture of the past, when the restraints were primarily unconscious—the result of not only limited knowledge, materials, and technology but of an unexamined consensus about the goals and direction of society. Today no such consensus exists. Necessarily, then, the only restraint attainable would be one based not upon an unconscious expression of great and universal goals but a mutual self-restraint based upon a conscious decision about those goals. Furthermore, since society shows no signs of arriving at such a choice it would, presumably, be left to architects to do so. As Doxiadis has said, such a style would be established from the top of the building pyramid, through the gradual seeping down of unique individual solutions, and not through the slow upward refinement of a vernacular building style as in the past. Understanding, then, the radically different framework through which a style would have to be established, it remains to ask whether such a style would be desirable.

The advantages of working in one definite style are obvious. When and while the style is vital it raises the level of individual accomplishment by enabling the artist to build upon the work of others. By offering the less than brilliant architect a consistent vocabulary in which to work, it enables him to design more competently. Lastly, of course, it enables architecture to become more than the sum of individual buildings, for surely, despite the brave claims of the architectural press, it is easier to build a beautiful and orderly city from one style than from many. (Whether a city is meant to be "beautiful" is, of course, another question.)

The disadvantages of searching for a universal style are less obvious. The acceptance of a common style certainly has never led to a loss of creativity for the architect, as the great ages of achievement prove. Nor does it mean monotony, so long as talented architects work within it.

Restraint, of course, is a quality that each architect now expects only of other architects. But let us assume that a consensus based on restraint would be honored. There remains the more serious question of whether the style would be accepted by society. Perhaps not. It might produce only an ineffective and incestuous architectural self-admiration society, resulting in loss of power, prestige, and, worst of all, commissions. But if the style were to be based not on whimsical "self-expression" but upon an honest desire to answer social needs, such losses could be borne with integrity. It is, after all, no sin for an architect to be at odds with society—he may in the long run be right. He may, too, be wrong—dead wrong. Just as the Victorian architects failed completely to identify the important forces of their culture, so might we.⁵ Being "wrong" is surely worse than being unpopular, but, there are, after all, worse sins.

These arguments have traditionally been used to protest the idea of style. They have been used successfully and honestly to overturn the tyranny of styles which have become dead and meaningless. But none of them are, I think, valid in and of themselves. There is, however, another more cogent argument against style, an argument based not on abstract principles of art history, but upon the peculiar character of our own time.

We know that the paths open to architecture are proliferating. They will not only continue to proliferate, but will do so at an accelerating rate.

This proliferation is perhaps *the* constituent fact of our times. Now style, as we have seen, means restriction of direction. Today, it means saying, "of the many paths opening to us, we shall choose only these; the rest we shall ignore." It means that as the paths proliferate, and grow, and fork, architecture will be exploring proportionately fewer and fewer of them. This is a very different thing from the choices made by architecture in the past. For it is not a matter of architecture and society choosing one path from a few open to them; it is a matter of society choosing to explore many paths, while architecture devotes itself to one, or to a very, very few.

But the proliferation of choice is significant beyond its own self. It signals, I think, a new world to come, a revolution—the third great revolution, as drastic and as universal as the urban revolution of the third millennium B.C. and the industrial revolution of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. What kind of world it will bring, what the world of 2066 will be like, we cannot know. We can know only that it will be as different from ours as the nineteenth century world of Pittsburgh or Birmingham was different from ancient Athens, as different as that Athens was from a pre-urban Mesopotamian village. With new means of communications, it may be a world without cities. With incredibly advanced energy sources, materials, transport technology, and climate control, it may be a world without the rigid, inert, ground-rooted shells we know as architecture. The paths leading most directly to that world are not visible now; perhaps they do not even exist as yet.

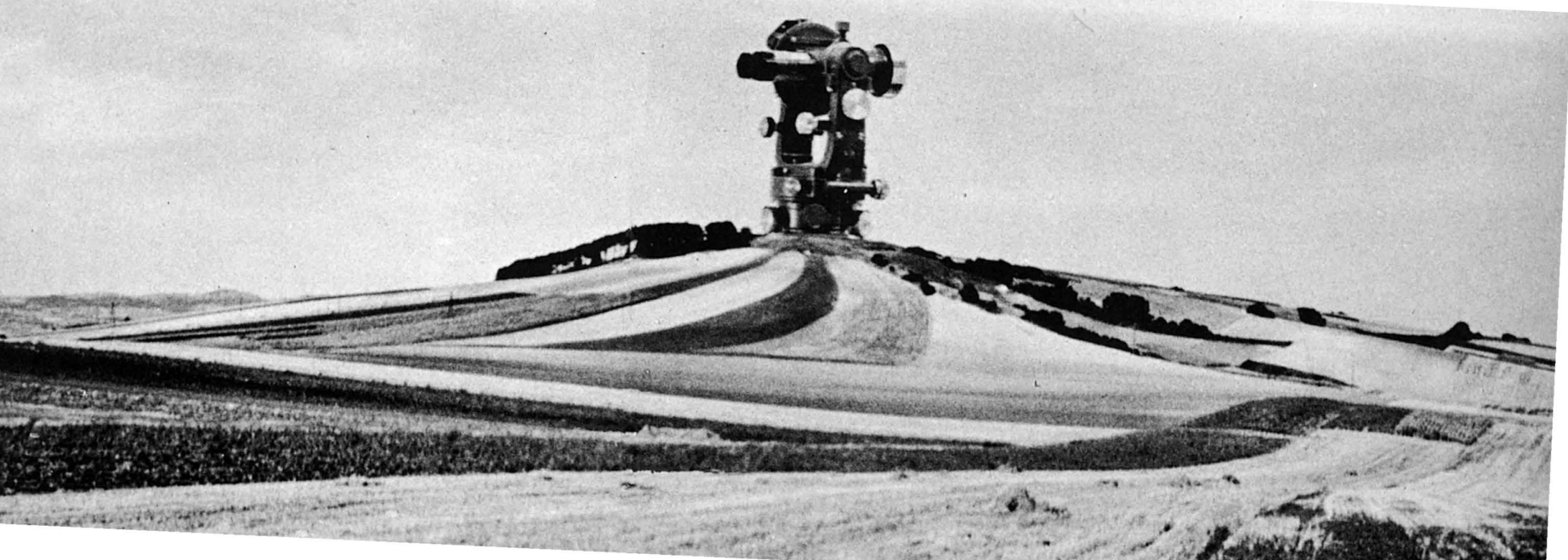
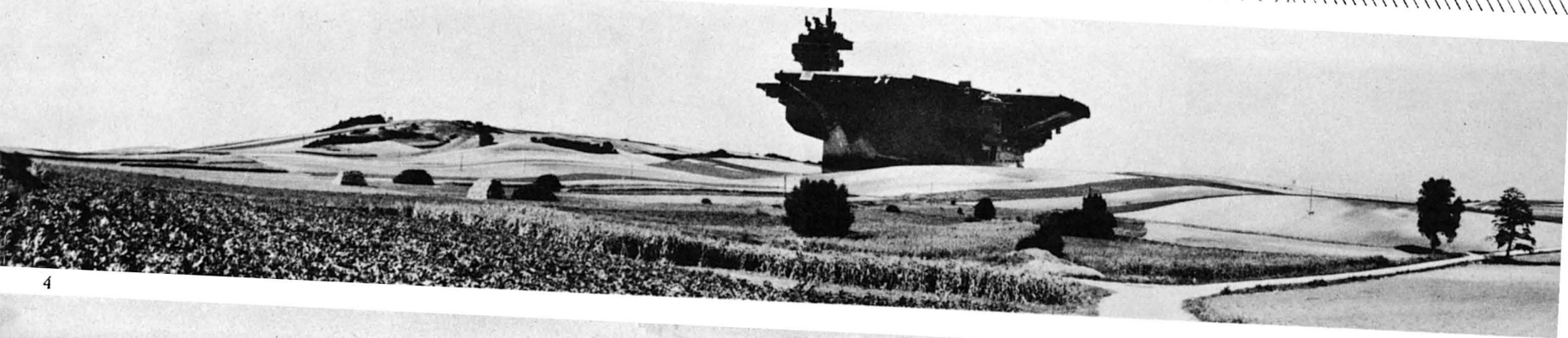
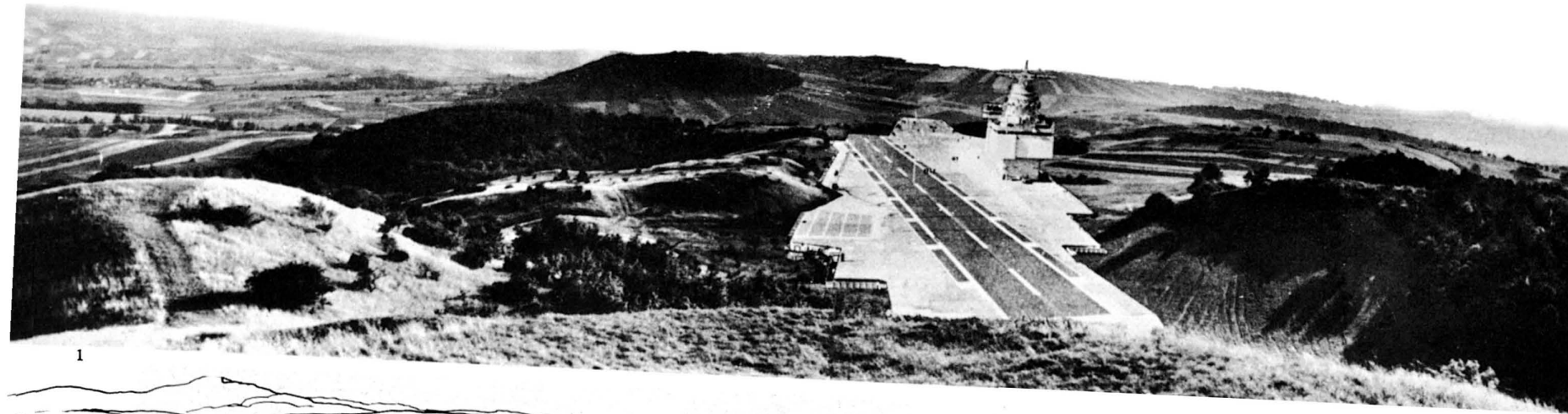
Now in such a time, to search for style, to explore one path and ignore the many, will inevitably isolate architecture from society, will make of it an ingrown and ineffective force. To follow only one of the paths we see clearly now (and a style can only be based on such a path) will almost certainly ensure our missing those paths which might, through luck and insight, lead to the future.

I have said that it is no sin to be unaccepted, and not that much of a sin to be wrong. But is perhaps a sin to *make sure that we will be wrong*. A style, after all, is supposed to express the zeitgeist of a time. And perhaps the zeitgeist of our time is not so much a single idea as the proliferation of ideas. Perhaps our time is not so much a time as the forerunner of a time. Perhaps, indeed, the only style that can truly and honestly express our time is no style, but rather the abandonment of *style* for *exploration*.

For there are two alternatives open to us. One is to search ardently for a style. The search, if successful, will produce more orderly and unified cities; will produce a higher level of individual accomplishment, will produce, in a word, more "beauty." But it will also mean a drawing back from the exciting prospects before us.

The second alternative is to explore as many paths as possible, to explore esthetically each new material and each new structural and lighting and environmental control system; to explore, as in the Baroque, the myriad of complex spatial arrangements our technology makes possible. But accepting the second alternative also means accepting, however reluctantly, "chaos." It means insisting upon that first level of restraint which demands internal consistency within the work of architecture, but abandoning that higher level of restraint which achieves a consistent relationship between individual works. It means accepting the fact that our cities, however beautiful their indi-

(Continued on page 32)



1/2/3. *Carriercity in landscape*

The American carrier "Enterprise", a city of our time, far more advanced than the results of planning and architecture of today.

4/7. *Highbise buildings*

5. *Urban renewal in New York*

6. *Beach house*

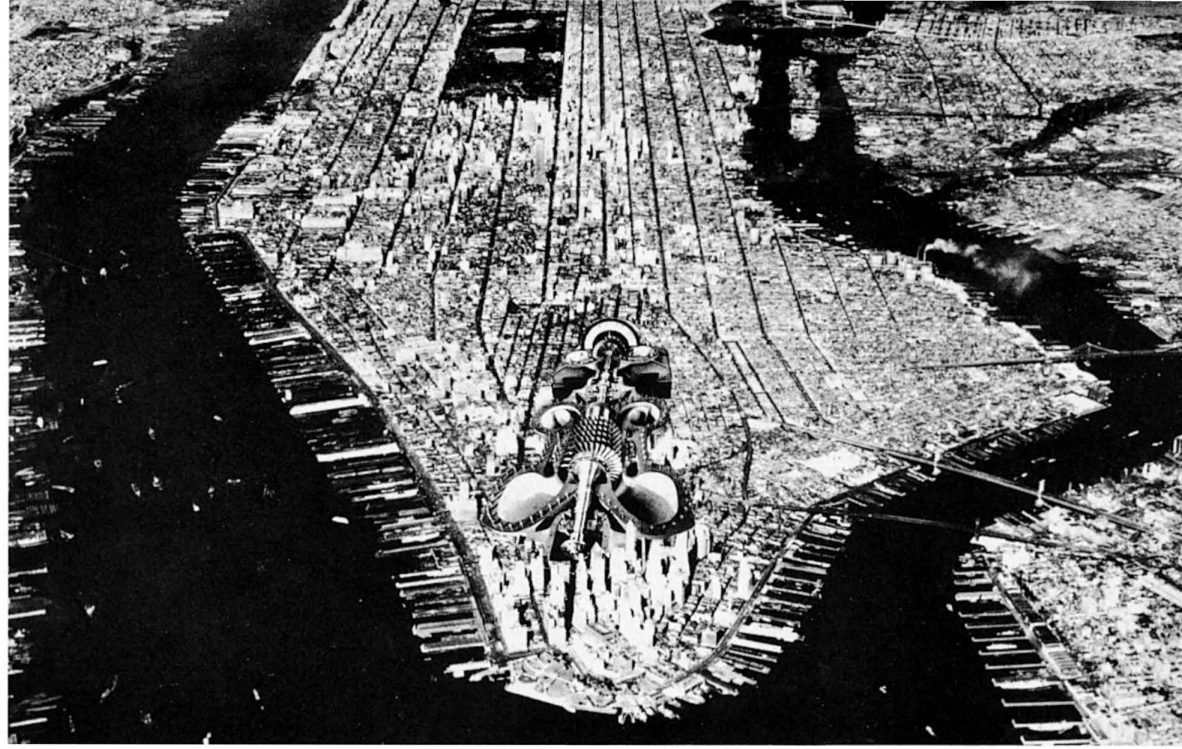
8. *A technical object becomes spiritual meaning; collection, Museum of Modern Art, New York.*

TRANSFORMATIONS BY HANS HOLLEIN

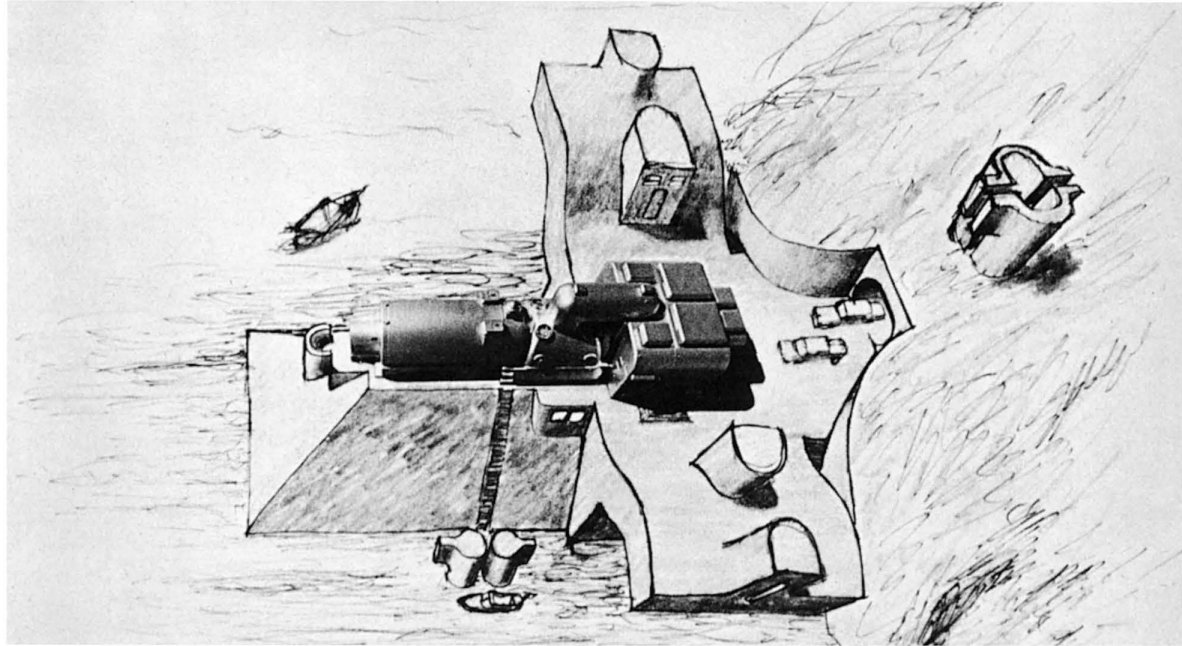
The transformations and transpositions actually need no special explanation. They are charged with a multitude of meanings, there are many layers of a different significance as one's mind penetrates them, provoking a stream of associations.

It ranges from simple and direct use (as one project of the author to use oil-railroad cars for an open-air church or automobiles as elements for a house) to a more dramatic appeal to realize the potentialities of objects of modern technology and planning methods and carry them over into the field of architecture and city planning. From simple response to the beauty of form of true objects of the machine age to the sensations of estrangement, from atavistic symbol to transcendent dimension.

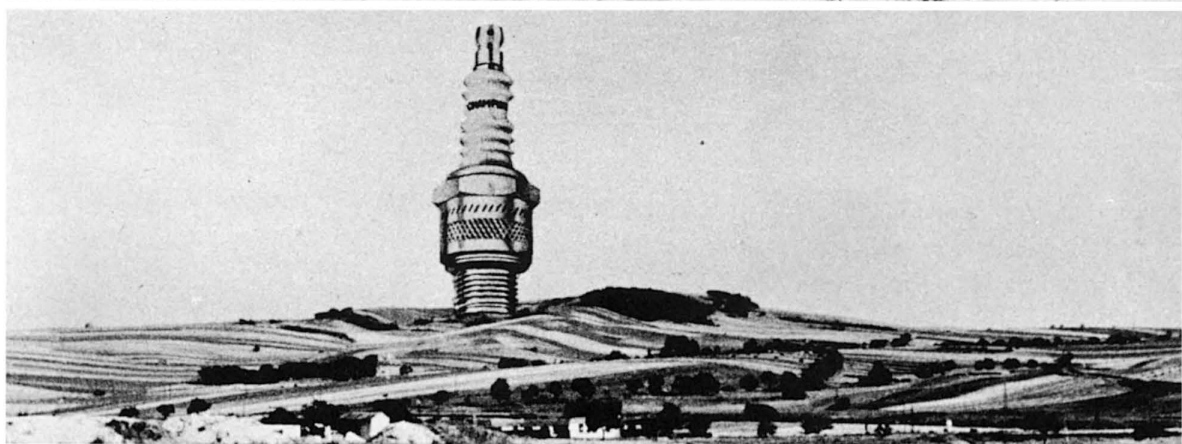
The Viennese architectural critic, Friedrich Achleitner, wrote: "Hollein's transpositions are montages which can be partly realized on paper but partly also in actual reality. Thus a railroad car—by putting it on a base and through a change of scale—becomes a monument. An aircraft carrier in the landscape becomes a city. It belongs to the nature of montage that not only something new comes into existence through the creation of unusual relations, but that also the objects themselves are changed, transformed."



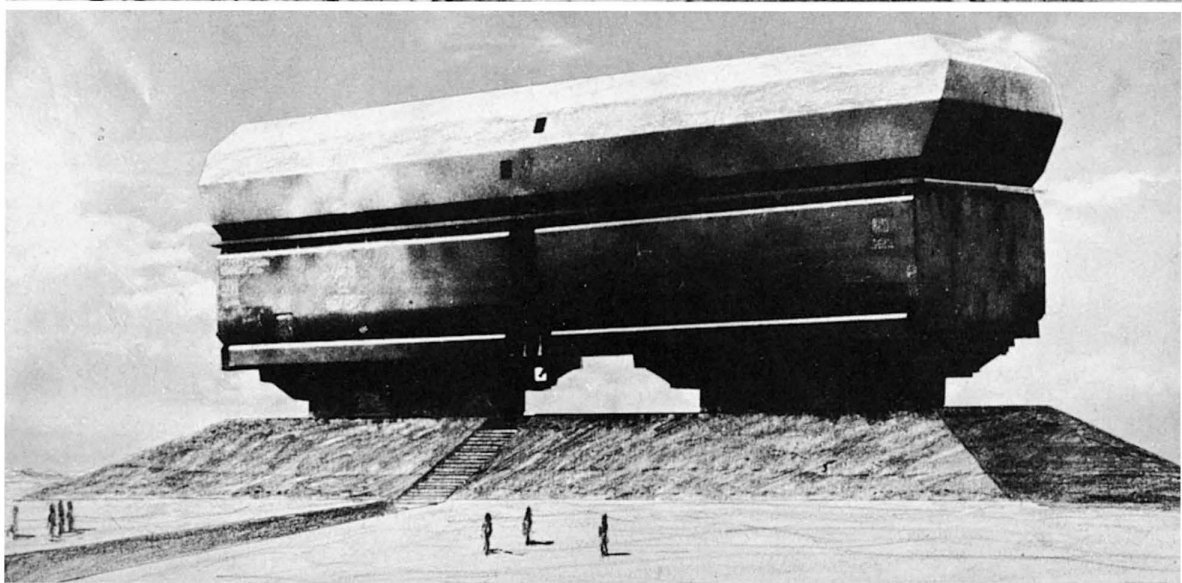
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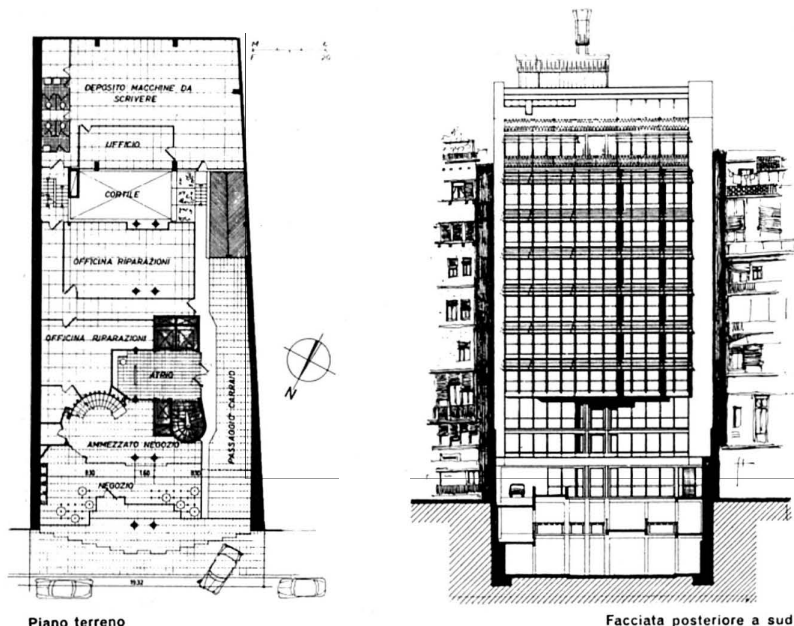
HISPANO-OLIVETTI BUILDING

By Lodovico B. Belgiojoso, Enrico Peressutti,
Ernesto N. Rogers, Architects
Jose Soteras Mauri, Associate Architect

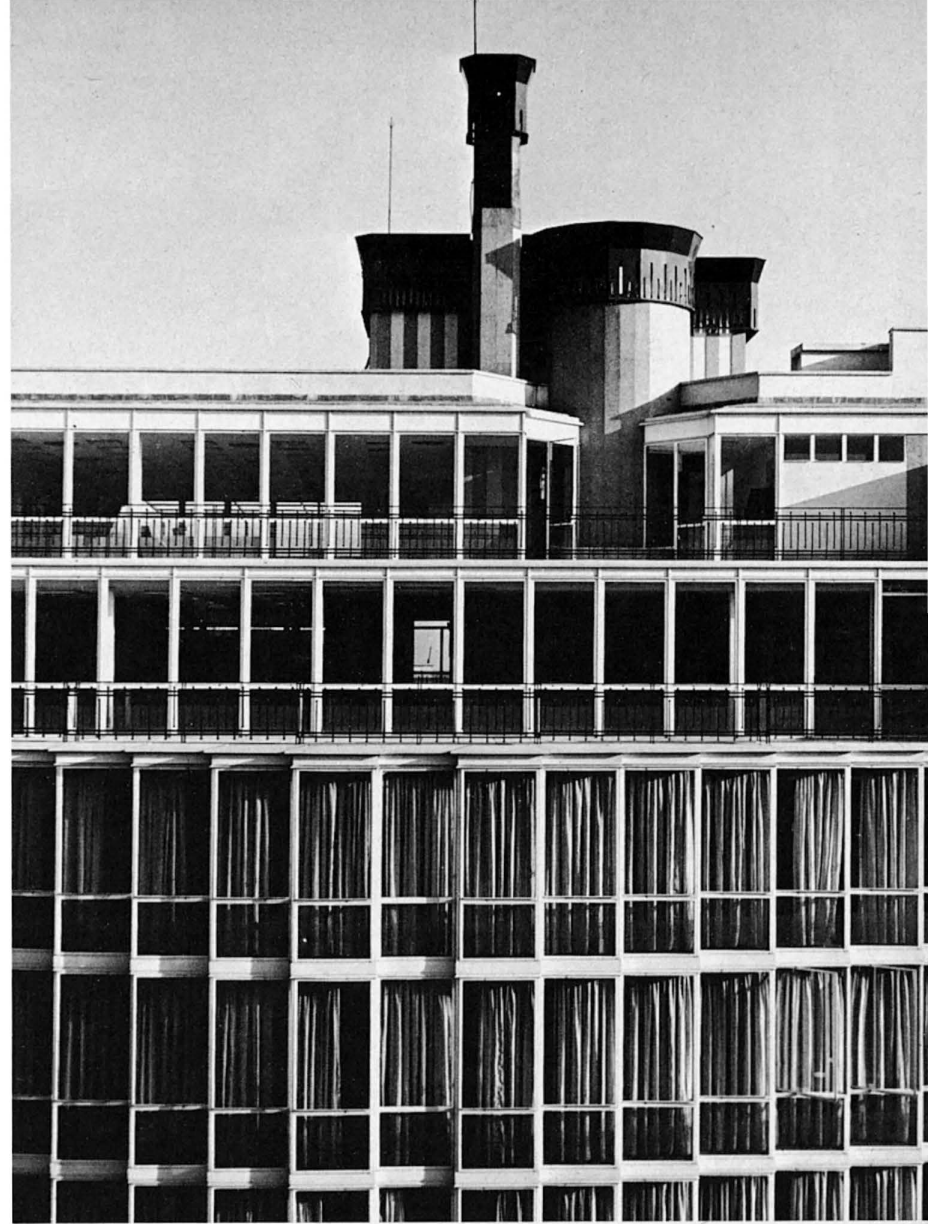
Milanese architectural Studio BBPR has made a free and creative translation of the glass curtain wall in this building for Olivetti at Barcelona. A strong, conscious effort was made in the design to express and interpret the nature of the buildings of Gaudi, and "a certain Spanish richness of materials" used to relate the structure to adjoining ones and to the character and architecture of the city.

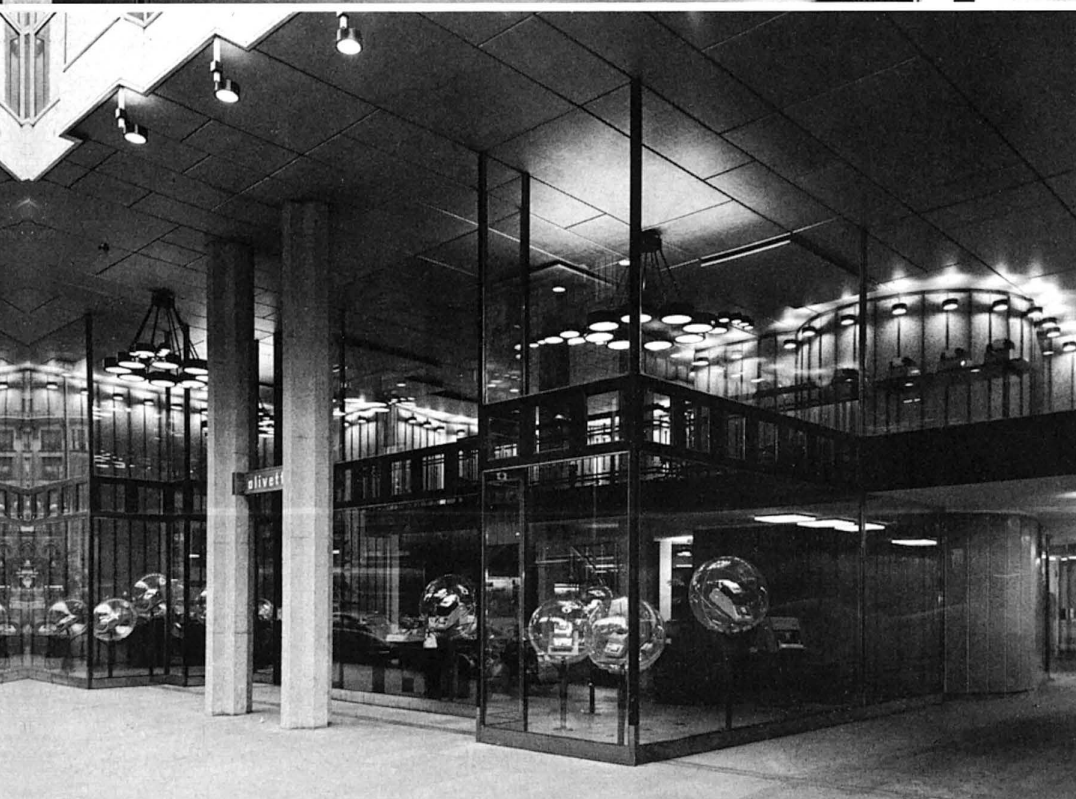
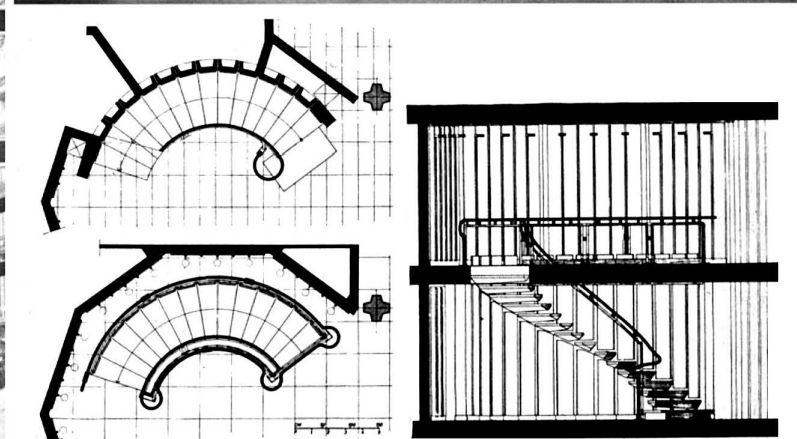
The all-glass northern façade bows towards the street to capture light for the offices on the upper floors and to create a play of light and shadow on the exterior (which *Architectural Review* fussily terms "perhaps frilly" and *L'Architettura*, "a truly new exercise in design"). The south elevation, faceted to rhyme with the main façade, fronts on a large courtyard and has brises-soleil (green) arranged horizontally.

The architects have created a remarkable store for Olivetti which has none of the usual strident and superficial elements of marketing about it. The shop occupies the ground floor and is a two-story space with mezzanine reached by a winding stair of red granite. Walls are also slabs of red granite and the ceiling is gold leaf. The Olivetti typewriters and calculators are exhibited in plastic bubbles of various sizes. Floor sockets which receive the metal standards permit rearranging displays at will.



Photos by F. Catalá Roca





THEATER

(Continued from page 6)

Simon, and Paul Ziffren. All are civic leaders of social position and power with a strong interest in the arts, but the Theater Group will have ceased to be what it formerly was, namely, an organization of professionals in the performing arts, both in education and entertainment.

It would be idle to speculate what the future holds for the Theater Group of Los Angeles. One assumes that it will have splendid facilities in the 2100-seat Ahmanson Theater and the 750-seat Mark Taper Forum, both expected to be available in the fall of 1967. Dr. Kaplan and Lamont Johnson, both of whom in recent years have been the chief guides of Theater Group, UCLA, will continue to play important roles and have all their past experience to offer for the guidance of the new organization. In addition, Mrs. Chandler's \$5 million Opportunity Fund makes it possible to carry out projects which, due to lack of funds and facilities, the Theater Group was unable to accomplish on the campus. There are undoubted advantages in the decision to move to the Music Center and to reconstitute the board of directors.

All this notwithstanding, I am sorry for the change. In the seven years of its operation, Theater Group, UCLA, set a pattern, and pointed a way, to a fruitful cooperation between universities and professionals in the performing arts. Its accomplishments caused other universities to inaugurate similar programs. This season, for instance, Stanford University formed its own professional theater company. In this sense, UCLA's extremely successful experiment, although now abandoned, certainly will not be lost, but will continue to produce results.

There is a loss, though, to Los Angeles no less than to the university. In my view, Los Angeles as an emerging theatrical center would have been better served by the Music Center creating its own resident company with the Theater Group continuing as a University sponsored producing organization until it had attained its own theater and its own resident company. Two vital theater groups are twice as good as one. The prestige of the Music Center has without doubt been enhanced, but the prestige of UCLA as a home for the professional in the performing arts has just as surely been diminished.

The new regime at the Pasadena Playhouse with C. Lowell Lees as director offered a program of plays this season that was in striking contrast to the commercial popular fare presented there in recent years—a fare that did not, after all, prove so very popular. An even more basic change was the organization of a resident company of 13 actors.

The season opened with two comedies, Lorca's *The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife* and Max Frisch's *The Firebugs*, both directed by Dr. Lees. The pairing of these plays immediately revealed the weaknesses of the company, showing that the American actor usually can do a competent job in a play dealing with contemporary characters in a milieu he understands, but is quite at a loss when called upon to achieve a mood and create characters in an environment or period outside of his experience. The spirit of Lorca's comedy, the setting of which is an Andalusian Village, was scarcely ever present in the playing of it. In *The Firebugs*, however, a grotesque comedy that owes much to the theater of the absurd, the company brought the play to life.

The next play I caught, *Love for Love*, a Restoration comedy by Congreve penned in 1695, found the company out of its depth again, though there were some good individual performances by Robert Karnes as Sir Sampson; Gillian Tomlin as Miss Prue, and Monte Markham as Ben. Richard Lupino's Tattle wasn't at all bad. Louise Arthur could do little more than look lovely as Mrs. Frail and Joyce Dotson as Angelica seemed to me to be playing one of the girls in *Petticoat Junction*.

Well, as Dr. Lees said in a press conference toward the close of the season, it takes two or three years to develop a resident company, and this was the first time round.



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music

PETER YATES

THE WELLCOME COLLECTION EXHIBITION OF ETHNIC ART AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES

"Priceless" is a word too often used without real meaning; it applies literally to the collection of ethnic art recently presented to the University of California at Los Angeles by the Wellcome Trust in England. The collection comprises some 15,000 items, not counting a great quantity of bits and pieces of value to scholars but not to be considered "art". A magnificent selection of representative examples from this collection has been installed in the Museum of Ethnic Arts of the University and will be on view there until May 13. No one interested in art and its aboriginal sources in the human mind, in religion, psychology, the techniques of design, in society or its languages of signs and significations, should fail to visit this exhibition, if he can possibly get to it.

Henry Wellcome, who assembled this collection, wished to found an institution for scientific research and for the education of all Britons appointed to work among the peoples of the Commonwealth. A log-cabin American, born in Wisconsin, he founded in England the great pharmaceutical firm, Burroughs-Wellcome. He had learned from his father, a missionary and farmer among the Dakota Indians, his lifelong interest in alien and primitive peoples. He directed archeological excavations in the Sudan; he wrote and published a book about a community of Canadian Indians, exposing the church bigotry and governmental malpractice which deprived the Indians of civil and religious liberties. He founded the most comprehensive of medical libraries and the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, placing both under the Wellcome Trust. His plan for a museum of the peoples within the British Commonwealth did not succeed. His great collection remained in storage until the director of the Wellcome Museum, after visiting UCLA Museum of Ethnic Arts, persuaded the Wellcome Trustees to donate the collection to the University.

Art is a tricky term, and "Ethnic Art" peculiarly so. Ethnic art is of the nature of the people who make it, as natural as leaves to a tree. And like the leaves it has worldwide resemblances, yet each leaf is at once unique and of its type. Religious, political and medical missionaries destroy by persuasion and force values they cannot replace, though they bring other values. How many missionaries and government officials, limited in education, in vision, in ability to imagine any other good belief or way of life, have fervently labored to impose their ethnic limitations on cultures no less well founded and of longer establishment than their own! A missionary from Britain or the United States may be a cultural barbarian, an ethnic primitive, in comparison with the members of a Polynesian tribe into which he brings disease and moral anarchy. But we must recognize also that the missionary and the official do not represent cultural error infecting a people who would otherwise have continued their innocent tribal habits untouched by the West. The missionary, the civil servant, the soldier, the governor acted with the force of historical evolution to overcome time-lags which made possible their colonial presence. In some few instances their mode of action can only be praised: the protection of the South American natives by the Church, which resisted for more than a century the evils of colonial exploitation; the social acceptance of the Maori in New Zealand; the Soviet encouragement of independent government in Outer Mongolia.

The missionary brought democratic education and, with it, nationalism; breaking up tribal tradition and its authority he conferred the liberating discovery of the individual soul, and its accompanying disease which we call "alienation"; bringing medicine he destroyed the ecological balance of birth, death, and food; his golden-haired Savior and picture-postcard saints affirmed the white man's superiority, and the incapacity to distinguish between divinity and race which has become his spiritual burden. The aging Florence Nightingale, from her dimmed parlor, directed the imperial resources of Britain in India to the improvement of barracks, hospitals, and sewage, and with this experience behind her fought medical conspiracy at home to improve the barracks, hospitals,

and drains of England. British rule almost united India as a nation but did not eradicate the ethnic differences which, with freedom, split India apart and threaten the parts with fragmentation.

We are ourselves in ethnic terms a vanishing society, our transcendentalist New England core already as remote as Athens. The arts which not so long ago seemed to illumine our culture belong now to the picture book and the museum. We have, instead, new modes of art. We have swept through all the world's peoples as the battle-axe-wielding Celts swept through Europe, and have established our commerce and beliefs among them like the devout, barrow-building tradesmen with bronze swords who colonized and did business among the neolithic tribesmen from Ireland to the Baltic. Our history may become as obscure as theirs.

We should approach an exhibition of ethnic masterpieces knowing that these works mirror, perhaps more simply, our perhaps more complex selves. If we feel the cruelty or crudity of mind which produced some of them, we may reflect that it cannot approximate the cruelty and crudity we have known in our lifetime in our civilization. We should not expect these makers of masks and fetishes, these sculptors in wood, ivory, metal, leather, and mud, these ceramicists, boxmakers, and weavers, from many centuries and peoples, to create "beauty" in our habitual significance of values. Fortunately we have had some chance to become acquainted with their work, in reproduction and picture and through the enthusiasm of 20th century artists who have learned from and imitated them.

But herein arises another probable misunderstanding: the objects speak to our sophistication, to our museum awareness, our discrimination of design and form. Turn off the electric lights; build a wood fire on the floor, flickering along the walls; confine yourself among these images. Then you may commence to see them. Even that is not sufficient. Let in through the darkened doors some of the terror of our city streets, the fear of hatred and brutality we cannot anticipate. At the same time we must keep in mind that many of the ceremonies for which these artfully frightening masks were designed may have been no more severe and no less high-minded than our fraternal initiations, and much of the rough excitement was horseplay. Even savages share some fun.

These are not representations and they are not abstract works of art; they are images: "an imitation of any person or thing, sculptured, drawn, painted, or the like... a copy or counterpart... a mental representation of anything not actually present to the senses"—not, therefore, in our formal meaning a representation, rather "an illusory appearance, an apparition... a symbol." The dictionary definition does well.

If it is a mask, there was a man inside it or behind it, a man driven or haunted by conventions, conformities, social or religious fears we do not know. Among us the man assumes the mask; he does not wear it, he becomes it. The primitive man, wearing the mask, spoke for some power, unreal to us, known by his tribe. The man of our society, not wearing the mask, believes the power his; in his public duty the corporate power enters into him. He sits behind a desk as the chieftain sat in his carved chair, carved with little male figures and masks. Other chairs are alive with figures symbolic of village life, musicians, dancers, hunters, women at the grain mortar, a circumcision, explicitly erotic scenes. The erotic is not published or exposed as we do it, for thrill or gain; the phallus and other sex symbols stand for human potency—nature's life force in man.

The reach of signification is larger than the tribe: a "white-faced male human figure with closed eyes and slightly flexed knees, not made to stand..." but to be suspended; "the spirit of a person executed by the Lilwa, a secret society, was supposed to reside in such sculpture and to act as guardian of the community." Gentle and helpless, like a roadside Christ, these figures may have been sacrificed substitutes for living victims. In the Dutton Picturebook, *African Sculpture*, by William Fagg and Margaret Plass, the authors write of a similar figure, "The simplified heart form of the face forms a link in the stylistic chain running from the coastal Fang of the Gaboon through the Bakota and Bakwele to the Northern Congo tribes and so to the Bambole and Balega."

While Ralph Altman, Head of the Ethnic Museum, was letting me roam alone through the collection one morning, I was fortunate to meet Mr. Fagg and Mrs. Plass, he from the British Museum and she from Philadelphia, who with her husband donated their private collection of African art to that Museum. The inexpensive paperback, with a well-photographed African sculpture on each of its pages and notes both pertinent to the work itself and linking it to the different styles of modern European art, should be in your library, if you have cared to read so far. There is also a more expensive publication by William Fagg, with photographs by Eliot Elisofon. Mr. Fagg had come to the university to lecture on *The African Artist*, Mrs. Plass presumably to enjoy herself, and amid this display she was doing so with gusto. The purpose of art is not to entertain but to be enjoyed, which places the responsibility where it should be, with the enjoyer. What he rejects he has lost. It may not have been worth saving.

We enjoy in two major modes: the tragic and the comic. We purge ourselves, Aristotle told us, with dramatized tragedy; the primitive tribesman purges himself by the terror of masks, by significant carvings, like the powerful head with movable jaw and eyeballs, probably the spirit of sleep, from the Tsimshian Indians of the northwest American coast; the figure of Raven or the Killer Whale; the two-faced head, the one a dying face, the other dead; or the wooden face framed by four slats of wood outlining a gabled house front, whales' tails of stuffed black cloth hanging from the mouth, one of the most valuable possessions of Chief Skowl of the Kaigani-Haida—a photograph from the Smithsonian shows it beside his draped coffin in the winter of 1882-83—; or the miniature totem poles, carved with figures representing grizzly bear, whale, raven, frog, and human head, perpendicular dramas each signifying a story to be told.

Also humor. Although one can never be sure that humor is the purpose of the sculpture which makes one laugh. Two Nigerian heads: one with a movable jaw, inset wooden rods for teeth, and a beard of grass fibres, a monster made to laugh, unless in its proper setting it should scare the wits out of you; another, cut from a single block of wood, carved serrations for teeth in its big grin, bulbous cheeks, nostrils, and eyes, an immense high forehead split in two serrated lobes, and round serrated ears.

A drum from Ghana with long woman's breasts. From the Fon of Dahomey a group of 22 figures cast in brass: a chief sprawling on a litter carried on a pole by two bearers, surrounded by his fan bearer, his stool bearer, a man with the state umbrella, a woman with a food-bowl, and so on, as well as an orchestra with horns, bells, and drums. The note adds that such sculptures were made for the royal court and chiefs as prestige objects and "collectors' items". The swing of the drummer, the strut of the attendants are wittily reproduced by the toy figures. Two wooden statuettes of Queen Victoria, one "native" in Yoruba style, the other from the same source a potent caricature of imperial majesty—boots, "a hallmark of Europeans in the 19th century," below the skirt—the face naturalistic but with an African arrogance.

One should not say, this is a work of art and that is not. The face of an otherwise crude pottery figure from the Ivory Coast "expresses" more to our eyes than the more powerful Benin bronzes or the human head of a jar from the Moche of Peru, which seems a portrait but lacks inner life. The capacity of some African or Melanesian sculptors of abstracting from the human face mocks the comparative sterility in

this mode of Picasso and the school of Paris. Not that the Parisians were unaware: from the New Hebrides, a triangular mask of bark cloth over an armature of bent rods, painted with red, white, blue designs, streaming with long fibre hair, head to beard—more than suitable for King Lear—from the collection of André Breton and Paul Eluard. Such a mask challenges our Greek-derived sense of beauty, as indeed the archaic Greek or the Etruscan challenges it, but comes nearer than these to the primal Lear-Zeus behind the caricatured majesty of the *Iliad*.

Several of the most affective sculptures in the Fagg-Plass book are from the collection of sculptor Jacob Epstein, among them a mask which assuredly "sat for" his *Adam*, and a mask with woven wig of the most delicate play of tactile surfaces with light. "We should beware," the authors warn, "of assuming that the yearnings or even grief which it may seem to convey to a European is the emotion which the artist set out to express..." The authors describe a crude mask from the collection of the Dadaist, Tristan Tzara, as "among the most expressive of African sculptures," and I should agree, only warning myself that the ambiguous inwardness and reticence of expression seeming actually to look out of the eyes may be only a carver's accident. The source of this sculpture is unknown.

The beloved friend of many artists, Sister Magdalene Mary IHM, who created the Art Department of Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles, out of a spirit profoundly aware of the human primitive, causing difficulties for those who would rationalize the product towards an explanation, insisted to me that none of us could create a figure genuinely primitive. We were speaking, after my son's death, of a memorial figure I had described.* An architect friend, George Doczi, reading the description, carved in balsa a figure bending from the cross, outstretched arms movable at the shoulders, already freed from the cross, so that suspended high up, as it now is in my room, it appeals with a very distinct emotion. But it is definitely European, and a visitor seeing it there will as likely think me a Catholic as be torn by it.

The content of art is not the idea but the way one thinks, the esthetic consistency of the artist, the society, the tribe, as it appears this time through the intelligence and workmanship of a man. Time, place, and common belief have a part in it. The exhibition displays a cluster of Melanesian wood and fibre masks, of a common pattern but each strikingly distinct; one may suspect that each represents the threatening appearance a Melanesian would-be hero should wear in his self-image. The Eharo masks of New Guinea, made of bark stretched over a cane armature, fantastically painted, were costumes for maskers, afterwards

*The bare wood cross should be about fifteen feet high, the figure between eight and ten feet high, set up on the cross.

The hands have been freed of the cross and reach forward and slightly upward from the elbows, which are merged with the trunk of the body. The hands, disproportionately large and crude, are at once opening toward, receiving and raising. The head should lie on the right shoulder, so that the sense of sacrifice is vivid. The face should be a shaped mask, the open eyes looking out and down to the congregation.

The body behind the hands should be scarcely more than a shaped block of wood, but the legs should be articulated, and the knees and feet, as on a *Santos*, distinct. The body should rise upward and slightly outward before the cross, the back slightly concave, so that no part of the body touches the cross. The body should be supported by a heavy band of wrought iron around the middle, the serrated face of the band hanging down like an apron.

Onlookers may find this conception shocking, until they have ceased to look at the crucifix as an object.

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discarded. The New Guinea war shield, decorated with abstract designs, was strengthened by a magic spell; one killed the warrior and broke his shield. Or it may be that breaking the shield would weaken, if not destroy, the warrior's magic strength. A terrifying mask, with horns and fibre whiskers, from the Congo, scared boys into manhood at the end of the circumcision rites. A Mayumbe male figure, bald and white-faced, the feet studded with nails, the body hung with cloth strips, cowrie shells, effigies, is a true fetish: experts could direct its power as protector, hunter of criminals, avenger, enforcer of oaths. "The metal objects driven into its body activated its power, binding it to perform tasks for the person who sought its aid." Its aspect is that of a bush-league Mussolini; one grows aware how such a figure and its big-league human counterpart depend on the cunning of those who use the power and on the unwillingness or incapacity of the victims to challenge that power.

One moves aside into the quieter passion of design, in wood, bone, ivory; on the carved bowls and painted storage boxes of the Northwest Indians; woven into Maori robes or capes, decorated with kiwi or peacock feathers and wool tufts, into the fragments of ancient Peruvian textiles; cast in brass or bronze and startling Panamanian gold pendants. In most instances the symbols stand for power rather than beauty, power in the world or power to control its hidden forces. Beauty for contemplation, in our sense of beauty, is rare. Possibly it is the decrease of power in our esthetic objects since the Renaissance that has reduced the art of the maker to the "creativity" of esthetics. The anthropomorphic masks of architecture degenerate in this period to elaborately decorative but insignificant grotesques; gesture became descriptive, instead of a sign, the reproduction subordinate to what it described. The ability to revive power in the object distinguishes the "great artist" in our society from his contemporaries.

Is the loss of this primitive power proof of decadence? Or does the modern artist confer, at his best, contemplative or intellectual power of a higher and different order? I leave the question open.

There is one common human language, a signification of shapes, profiles, textures, the sense of interchange between the static and the live, a vitality as of a real presence or of a doll or spectre. Despite its innumerable dialects, this language conveys meaning to any who do not close their minds against it—not a universal language but one ductile from the common universe.

Let me congratulate the University of California on the acquisition of this scarcely equalled collection and express to Professor Jack Carter my respect and gratitude for the careful lighting and free spaciousness of the exhibition in which he has displayed these tokens of multifarious life. I wish to thank Dr. Ralph Altman for permitting me to visit the exhibition privately as his guest.

THE SEARCH FOR CERTAINTY BY ROBERT B. RILEY

(Continued from page 23)

vidual parts, will never be a sum of beauty greater than those parts. But it may mean that we have pointed the way to a new world. We cannot anticipate the architecture of the future, but at least we can try not to hinder its development.

For proliferation cannot continue indefinitely. Someday, when the proliferation of choice becomes too great, society itself will choose—or crumble: Despite our protestations of self-pity that time is not yet here. But until it comes, it might at least comfort us to know that we helped prepare for it; that we did our best to develop as many paths as possible with care, and with enthusiasm.

The question of style, then, is ultimately a moral one—a question of the relationship between architecture and society. It is a question, too, of sacrifice. For the path of exploration may not be the path of beauty—at least of conventional beauty. If we choose exploration, it will never be said of us that we created a great and lasting style. But it might be said of us, someday, that we helped prepare for the future—a future we knew we would never know. And that, after all, would be no small thing.

¹ Mies is surely the best example of this attitude. Any real understanding of his work must start from the realization that it has been above all else, an attempt to find and express the dominant of our time.

- ² John Summerson "Heavenly Mansions" (W. W. Norton & Company, New York, 1963) Essay IX "The Mischievous Analogy" pp. 195-219.
- ³ It would be interesting to somehow determine the comparative amounts of social energy involved in the life of the Gothic and the curtain wall—in terms of money, quantity of construction, exposure, etc. Allowance would have to be made for the fact that architecture was more important to the Gothic Culture than to ours, and would naturally consume a higher proportion of that culture's resources.
- ⁴ If Mies is the leading artistic protagonist of architecture as the expression of the dominant, Giedion is its most prominent propagandist. As to the question of just what the dominant is, Mies gives us a clear and simple, if naive, answer. Giedion never satisfactorily defines the constituent facts of our time, at least in terms relevant to architecture. His vague references to "space-time," though, have become a standard item in our catalog of architectural double-talk.
- ⁵ An example of our failures is our persistent one-sided romance with technology. Despite our pleadings, mass production has never arisen to become an architectural dominant. We have failed to grasp the distinction between acceptance of an industrialized esthetic. We also like to forget that the highly mechanized automobile industry produces the biennial horrors of Detroit styling as well as the Volkswagen.

books

THE WESTERN HERITAGE OF TYPE DESIGN by R. S. Hutchings (Cory, Adams & Mackay Ltd., \$7.95)

A study of the history and development of type is often thought of as being an esoteric field, one quite out of the mainstream of common aesthetic interest. Since changes in type styles take place gradually, there is an accepted style during each generation, and previous styles are regarded as outmoded curiosities. However, in this century there has been considerable research done, and a large number of revivals and redesigns of old styles have been made available. This has been due to the pressure from a greatly widened market. This market comprehends not only the printers' direct customers, such as book publishers, but also involves display work, advertising, movies and television, architectural lettering and many others. All of these users look toward the inventory of printing types as their basic authority, for type-producing machinery is expensive and difficult to make, and more time and effort has gone into the perfection of line and of the proportion between letters of all sizes than tends to go into non-type lettering designed for a single use. Typefounders and printers make available catalogues of type, and these constitute a handy reference medium for graphic use, whether the type itself be used in the end product or not. All of these reasons tend to make the graphic designer look to printing type when he approaches a lettering problem.

Mr. Hutchings has attempted to gather together the best types from many manufacturing sources and present the reader with an historical background, a chronological organization and a discriminating selection. He has succeeded well. Many of the 15th- and 16th-century alphabets have a clarity and beauty of style and proportion that makes them completely contemporary in their usefulness. This book has a place in the reference library of anyone who does any work in graphic lettering.

A MANUAL OF DECORATED TYPEFACES by R. S. Hutchings (Hastings House Publishers, \$6.95)

By the same author, a compilation of decorated typefaces, from the earliest tentative designs of the 17th century through the grandiose embellished examples of the second half of the 19th century. A fine basic source book of lettering styles.

TYPE AND TYPOGRAPHY, The Designer's Type Book by Ben Rosen (Reinhold Publishing Corporation, \$18.00)

This larger and more elaborate book than the above offers a more complete assortment of available type as well as a more generalized and satisfying history of type. Instead of being solely concerned with movable type faces, and therefore beginning with the period in which a variety of such type forms were developed, Mr. Rosen goes back to the letters used in classical times and traces their development to the present day. This history is short, to the point, and interesting. There is also a readable description of type manufacture, which gives the non-technical reader some grasp of the terms used in this field. The remainder of the book is given over to examples of type faces.

There are several pages devoted to each style, all in a variety of sizes, line spacings and weights. The examples are not alphabets, but paragraphs from letters and essays, which tend to give a truer picture of the type in actual use. In addition to many Latin letter types, there is an astonishing assortment of foreign and archaic types. If any designer needs to refer to Nordic runes or Egyptian hieroglyphics, among others, he will find them here.

—ALAN RAPHAEL

THE ORTHODOX BAPISTERY OF RAVENNA by Spiro K. Kostof (Yale University Press, 1965, \$15.00)

Strictly for specialists. Spiro Kostof came to this country a foreigner, prepared his study with the help of grants-in-aid from Yale as a doctoral dissertation, and the university has published it in extended form as a large and handsome monograph. The author devotes his 165 pages to studying every fact and detail of the Baptistery at Ravenna, a building much rebuilt and often redecorated. The text is copiously supported by excellent drawings and photographs.

TRUTH AND ART by Albert Hofstadter (Columbia University Press, 1965, \$6.00)

Sincere, earnest, informed, desperately communicative; the author is Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University. If he Germanizes with Kant, Hegel, and such systematizers, he has the grace to quote also from Schoenberg. Like the philosophers he relies on an excess of verbalism, incapable of the powerful economy of the composer.

MUSEUMS USA, A HISTORY & GUIDE by Herbert & Marjorie Katz (Doubleday & Co., 1965, \$6.50)

Lists, cross-indexes and arranges according to city and state more than 2500 American museums, making it a fat and useful guidebook, for anyone who has the time and the capacity. The style is popular. Since most of the 2500 museums will be interested in it, many will find it useful, and some will have it for sale, the book seems a worthwhile publishing project. There may be readers who will devour it from cover to cover. I cannot. But I shall be glad to have it for reference.

HENRY MOORE: SCULPTURE AND DRAWINGS, Volume 3, Sculpture 1955-64, edited by Alan Bowness, with an Introduction by Herbert Read (George Wittenborn, New York, \$15.00)

This volume brings up to the present date the publication of Henry Moore's most representative sculpture and drawings, with a catalogue for the years 1955-1964. There are 177 plates, the majority large, well photographed, uniformly reproduced and printed, including many different presentations of the more important works, not merely details but views from different positions around the sculpture. Here it is almost possible to determine, by study of maquettes and varying presentations of the final work, the unique characteristics of, for example, Moore's many recumbent figures in single and multiple blocks, so that one's vague memory, on seeing any one of them, that one has seen the same before can be corrected by a more immediate comparison. Like Jacob Epstein, Moore has dated himself by productivity within a field of vision that one now believes one knows; newer work, like the great metal sculptures by the late David Smith recently displayed at the Los Angeles County Museum, in a sculptured court too deprived of green, both ground and background, has a tendency to make us think of Moore as the sculptor of a now closed period. To think so is untrue and to feel so unwise. Almost any one of these sculptures, in stone, wood, or bronze, for example the *Draped Seated Woman*, is final as a major work by Rodin, Maillol, or Epstein, a matured vision realized completely in the round, or from above or from within, a tactile experience not to be disposed of by any turn of fashion, a fulfilment of weight, formality, definition, and created presence as sustaining as any classic or primitive vision of any place or time.

DRAWINGS OF REMBRANDT, WITH A SELECTION OF DRAWINGS BY HIS PUPILS AND FOLLOWERS. Introduction, Commentary, and Supplementary Material by Seymour Slive, Professor of Fine Arts, Harvard University (Based on the Facsimile Series Edited by F. Lippmann, C. Hofstede de Groot, and Others; in two volumes; Dover Publications, New York; 1965; paperbound \$6.00. Each volume can be purchased separately for \$3.00.)

The above information tells how deeply all of us who cherish Rem-

brandt's drawings are indebted to Dover Publications for this complete reproduction of a collection issued originally in 150 copies and now unobtainable. The 550 plates have been individually annotated by Professor Slive according to the most recent information and opinion; the few now believed to be copies, imitations, or forgeries are indicated with the reasons; several poor reproductions in the original have been replaced. The collection represents more than a third of Rembrandt's known drawings, including a majority of the best from all periods. In large matters of appearance, size (9- x 12-inch page), paper color and weight, uniformity of plate texture, typography and printing, these two volumes could scarcely be improved; the paper covers, each faced with a drawing, are as handsome as one could wish, and as with all Dover books the pages can be laid flat. The two volumes stand as a reproach and a model to publishers who bring out inflated, awkward, and much too heavy art books for three, four, five, or six times the price. I regard the appearance of such an edition not merely as an event in the art world, making the best available to those who cannot afford "sumptuous editions" of the usual sort and supporting it with exactly sufficient and appropriate scholarship; I regard it as a personal courtesy, for which I wish to express here my thanks to the publishers, as for a gift of great beauty. And while doing so, I should like to append my equal gratitude for two previous Dover publications: *The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book* in 2 volumes, also for \$6.00, reproducing exactly but within paper covers the original edition, now unobtainable, and the former facsimile which sold for \$40.00; and a smaller book, *Three Classics in the Aesthetic of Music*, reproducing *Monsieur Croche the Dilettante Hater* by Claude Debussy, *Sketch of a New Esthetic of Music* by Ferruccio Busoni, and *Essays Before a Sonata* (the original text; a "corrected" edition has been issued by Norton) by Charles Ives, three of the most important, previously unavailable texts in 20th-century music.

MEISSEN PORCELAIN by Siegfried Ducret (*Orbis Pictus 13*, Hallwag, Berne, \$2.50)

ORIENTAL CARPETS by Erwin Gans-Ruedin (*Orbis Pictus 14*, Hallwag, Berne, \$2.50)

Each of these small books contains a brief introduction and 19 plates, each plate provided with a page of descriptive notes. The price is high in relation to the amount of material provided. The plates are clear and well-colored, the colors of the Oriental carpets more convincing than those of the porcelains.

NUEVA VISION DE GAUDI by E. Casanelles (Ediciones La Poligrafa, Barcelona, printed in Spain, distributed by Wittenborn and Co., Spanish text, \$16.50)

The 128 beautiful photographs of Gaudi's work in this edition may justify its distribution in America by the same company which has also issued an English-text book on Gaudi with 61 illustrations, but the price of the latter is only \$7.50. For those who can read it, the 126 pages of Spanish text may also help to compensate for the difference in price. Putting aside this question, which I am unable to resolve, not having at hand the less expensive American edition, the Spanish book provides at least a visual inventory that any lover of Gaudi's strange and marvelously realized imagination can cherish. In stone, stucco, ironwork, occasional furniture, in the landscapes of roofs and chimneys, where the sculptural verticals and projections take on an animate and spectral presence, as in the better known shapes of his walls, towers, doorways, pillars, and crypts, Gaudi mediates between dream and practical realization: the in-ness, the aroundness, the tactile visibility sometimes as final in unornamented grace as a concrete form by Nervi, or folded in the *art nouveau* style of the period, or breaking into foliate exuberance or curvilinear extravagances like an amateur's improvisations. His more realistic figures in sculpture enter into the dream harmony, existing not so much of and for themselves but as if they were human inhabitants of this dreamscape, not possessed by, yet comfortably at ease within it. Gaudi's sense of play is perhaps his most enchanting but esthetically his least satisfactory characteristic. Some of his buildings, for example *Bellesguard*, seem reduced to childish proportions by their detailing. For my taste he is at his best not in the famous and intensely characteristic cathedral but in the beautifully proportioned *Colegio Teresiano*.

—PETER YATES

(Continued on next page)

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THE SEARCH FOR ENVIRONMENT, The Garden City: Before and After by Walter L. Creese (Yale University Press, \$15.00)

A chatty, sometimes gossipy, always interesting historical and critical study of the evolution of the Garden City and suburb from Godwin to Unwin. Even the numerous footnotes are leavened with occasional wit. The author, who is dean of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts at Oregon University, shows in word, photo and drawing the transformation of the city in England and America under the pressures of the Industrial and Agricultural Revolutions; the effects of the resulting poverty and wealth and the subsequent sociological, political and esthetic movements on architecture. The architect faces life and the few who didn't recoil emerged as urban designers. In 1925 Unwin addressed a plea to the convention of the AIA: "If you become really interested in the house you cannot stop there: you will be led to think of its surroundings, or the laying-out of sites, provision for recreation and the enjoyment of life, preservation of the natural amenities or the creation of new ones. You will thence find yourself involved in wider and wider interests until all the questions of town planning and city building are brought within the sphere of your attention." There is no record, except for our cities, of the response.

THE PUZZLE OF ARCHITECTURE by Robin Boyd (Melbourne Univ. Press; Cambridge Univ. Press, \$12.50)

A larger view of architectural design by Australian architect and author Robin Boyd (*Victorian Modern, The Walls Around Us, Kenzo Tange*), who asks and tries to answer: "What is the aim of it all?" "Remote as they may seem, the metaphysics of design reach out to everyone... Thus the importance of the puzzle of architecture."

MARC CHAGALL: THE CEILING OF THE PARIS OPERA, by Jacques Lassaigne (Frederick A. Praeger)

A worshipful step-by-step recreation of Chagall's homage to Garnier. An homage to an homage. From sketches to preliminary drawings and early experiments with color to the realized work (including a separate reproduction of the final study folded into a cover pocket). Text was completely hand set and six-color lithographs used. Color is luminous. No expense was spared and it shows.

CAMPUS PLANNING by Richard P. Dober (Reinhold Publishing Corp., \$25.00)

A study of how campuses are now being developed and how present methods can be improved from the point of view of a general practitioner. Detailed discussion of steps and procedures in planning and programming of campus and its components. A multitude of plans used which could have been made easier on mind and eye by use of even one color screened to various densities.

THE NEW MUSEUM, Architecture and Display by Michael Brawne (Frederick A. Praeger, \$20.00)

Fifty examples of museum design (from Guggenheim to Corbu's National Museum in Tokyo) are documented and analyzed as representing the most important recent developments in museum design. Photos are beautifully reproduced; type a bit small for comfort.

MONKS, NUNS AND MONASTERIES by Sacheverell Sitwell (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$12.50)

A guided tour of the monasteries and nunneries of Eastern and Western Europe, their art, architecture, inmates and times. Rich in information and anecdote and written by a man so serenely confident of his abilities as to risk occasional tediousness and of his intelligence as to admit to being equally convinced by the architectural philosophy of Baroque and of Mies.

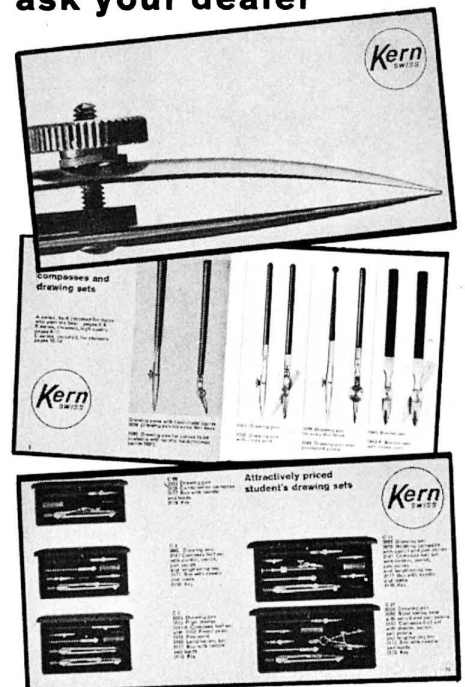
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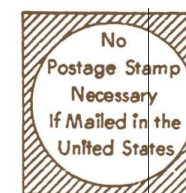
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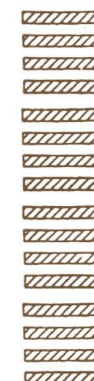


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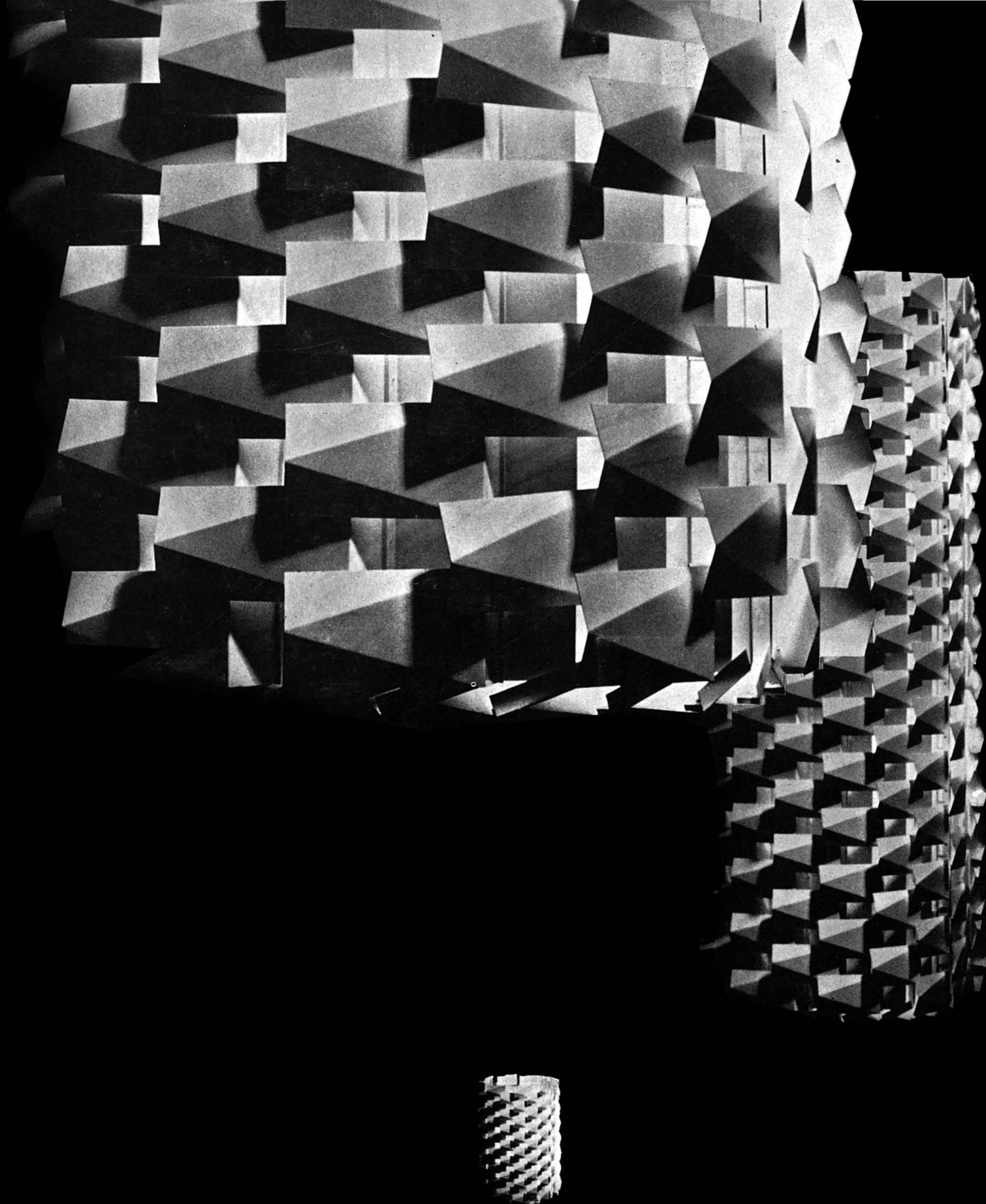
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